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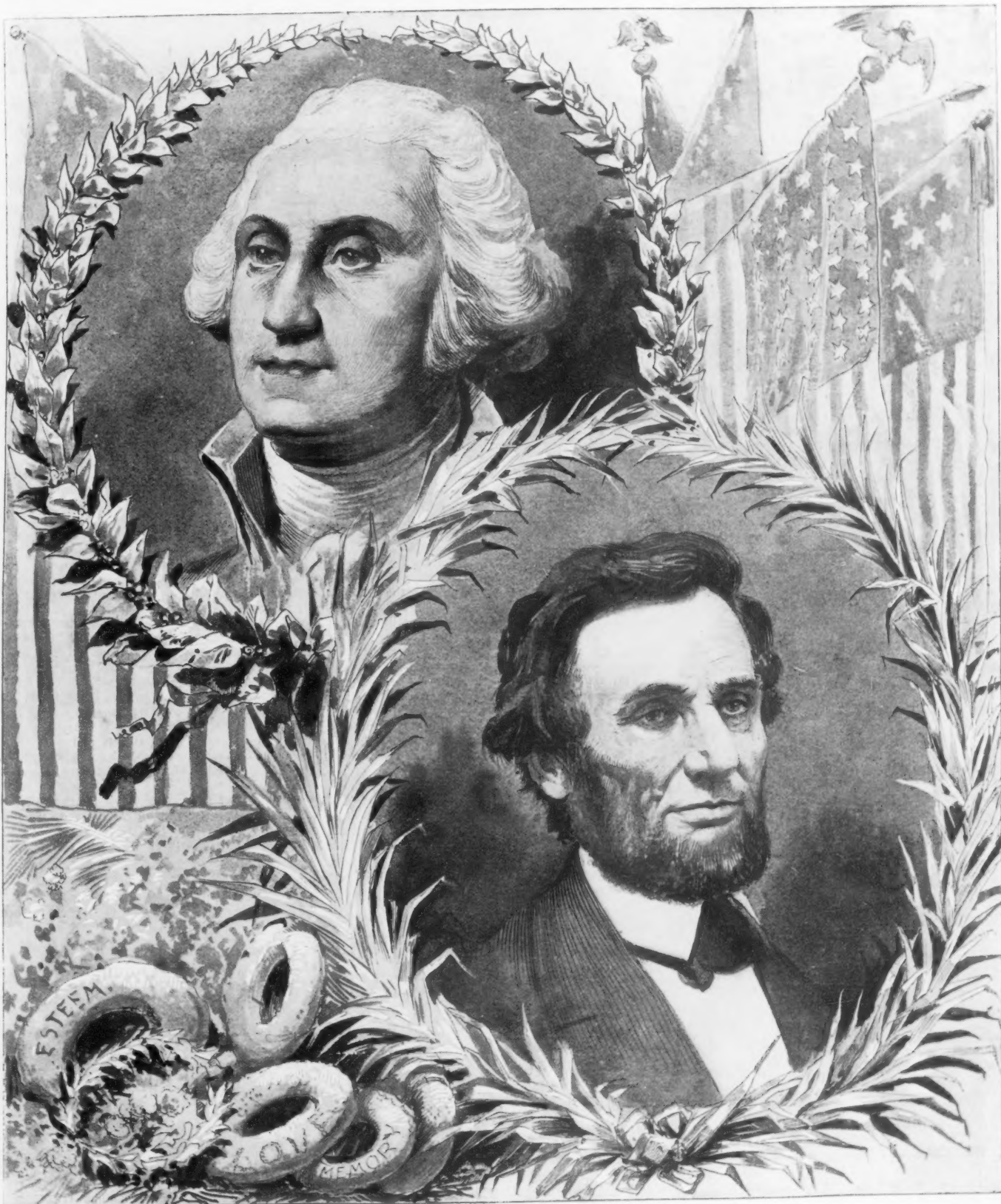
# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 20, 1896.

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By the patriot's hallowed rest,  
By the warrior's gory breast,

Never let our graves be press'd  
By a despot's throne.—*John Pierpont.*



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PETER FENTON COLLIER,

No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

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In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the announcement in COLLIER'S WEEKLY. The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1896.

## A PARABLE OF THE PERIOD.

THE Dogs of War, confined so long in the International Kennel, had grown restive. Even peace is among the good things of which one may get too much; and, in any case, it was not altogether unnatural that Dogs of their profession should find perpetual peace monotonous.

They were a notable collection of Canines. Monroe, the American representative in the Kennel, was a Colley of remarkable intelligence. Bull, the English Dog, was a fine specimen of the breed from which he derived his name; and Kaiser, the German Dachshund, was possessed of a degree of sagacity equaled only by the oddity of his appearance.

Of course there were many others, but they can only receive general mention, as they were not prominent participants in the events here narrated. Turkey had not merely a single Dog, but an entire collection of choice Constantinople Curs whose descent was so much a matter of speculation that they cannot accurately be classified into breeds. Russia's Siberian Bloodhound and France's fantastically barbered Poodle really deserve more notice than space will permit them to receive.

They had all lived in the Kennel for years without any outbreak disturbing the peace, until one day Bull, the English Dog, was given the liberty of the yard in order to allow him greater latitude in the way of exercise. Now it happened that the next inclosure to that occupied by the American Dog Monroe was a vacant one, and it had been so for such a long time that Monroe had grown to regard himself as a sort of protector of it. Bull, in the course of his wanderings through the yard, saw a bone lying in the vacant inclosure. He put a paw through the fence and began a series of attempts to secure the prize. Monroe sat next door in a contemplative attitude, silently observing the predatory proceedings of Bull. The latter, after repeated efforts to reach the bone with his paw, tried to push his head through the opening between the palings. Monroe immediately barked.

"Do you claim this bone?" inquired Bull.

"Not exactly," answered Monroe. "But it seems to me that it is more mine than yours, and in any case courtesy demands that you should not appropriate it without even so much as consulting my wishes."

"Why didn't you take it yourself, then, before this, if you think it so valuable?" said Bull.

"Because I am not in the habit of coveting every bone I see, even if it does lie in the next lot to my own. And I cannot help regarding you as greedy in the matter, Bull, considering the large number of cold bones you already possess."

"Then what do you propose to do?"

"The proper way would be to first seek the rightful owner of that bone, and if he cannot be found, let us then call in a third party to decide between us."

"But suppose," remonstrated Bull, "that the third party decides that I'm not to get anything at all?"

"Then," replied the imperturbable Monroe, "you should abide by the decision, just as I should be obliged to do if it were against me."

"But I first discovered this bone."

"Bull, you are as ready to assert your own rights as you are to ignore mine. Even conceding that you did first discover the bone, your proper course would have been to acquaint me of it, and trust to my sense of fairness. You had no *locus standi*, Bull, upon this lot. You were, and are, a trespasser."

"Perhaps you want to claim the earth, Mr. Monroe," scornfully retorted the now growling Bull. "This lot is not on your territory."

"You may have observed," said Monroe, calmly, "that I refrain from trespassing upon it myself. That being so, the least I can claim is that other Dogs, whose territory does not even adjoin it, should follow my example, and either not intrude so close to my home, or else certainly say 'by your leave' before doing so."

Bull was silent. His head had gotten jammed between the pickets of the fence, and he was struggling vainly to free himself.

"Bull," observed Monroe, in a grave tone, "you probably realize the consequences of your precipitate conduct. Having first put your foot in it, you now find your head in a noose. You can neither go on, nor draw back."

Bull's only response was a renewed and yet more violent struggle to free himself, accompanied by ominous growls.

"And the worst of it is," went on Monroe, "that I am powerless to assist you. I am, as you see, confined to my own territory. Your only hope lies in the intervention of a third party, Bull."

Bull's wrath seemed to be rather increased than otherwise by these remarks, and his struggles were now so fierce that it looked as if he might do himself serious damage. It is hard to tell what the sequence might have been had not the unexpected happened. The yelping bark of the German Dachshund Kaiser, who had just been enlarged in order that he, like his English friend, might enjoy a run in the open, was suddenly heard, and in another moment the odd-looking, chocolate-colored little animal came trotting up as quickly as his short legs would bring him. So short were they, indeed, that his long, fat body seemed to be almost sliding on the ground, and his great, floppy ears, so utterly disproportioned to the rest of his anatomy, trailed so low that the wonder was they did not get under his fore feet and trip him up. His actions, however, were even more unexpected and eccentric than his appearance. Bull's tail, stiff and erect, stood out at an aggressive angle, plainly indicating, in connection with the strained tension of his hind legs, the strenuous efforts he was making to free himself from the pillory of the fence pickets. Kaiser seemed to take in the situation at a glance. Planting both paws against Bull's posterior, he managed to reach the latter's tail with his mouth, closing his teeth upon it with a firm grip. In this way he drew the tail downward, and dropped upon all fours once more. Then he commenced to back himself with a series of rapid jerks, all the time keeping his hold upon the tail. Bull's efforts were now divided between the endeavor to free his head and the struggle to shake off the tormentor in his rear; but apparently there was as little prospect of his accomplishing the one object as the other. The chewing of his tail had become so painful that he was forced to waste some of his energy in fruitless, agonized barking, and, to make matters worse, the other Dogs in the Kennel, excited by the sound, had begun to bark in response. The Constantinople Curs yelped and shrieked in chorus, a querulous monotone came from the French Poodle, while above the hideous din there sounded, deep and ominous, the baying of the Russian Bloodhound. Meanwhile the tenacious yet necessarily silent Dachshund Kaiser never once relaxed his vigorous tug of war, until finally, with a mighty wrench, Bull's imprisoned head was jerked triumphantly from the fence. Kaiser let go the tail, and Bull faced around, sharply and fiercely, to confront his quoniam torturer.

"You egotistical little freak! I suppose you seized the opportunity, while you thought I was helpless, to twist my tail."

But the game little Dachshund was not so easily scared.

"Bull," said he, "it was not done for the purpose of offending you. Moreover, you should know that it is the divine right of a Kaiser—at least of this particular Kaiser—to teach even his grandmother how to suck eggs. And further yet—had I not created a diversion just when I did, you and Monroe would be arguing there still. I drew your attention away when the dispute was growing hotter and hotter. Now both of you will have a chance to settle the matter during calmer moments. True, I may have hurt you a little, and stirred up the other Dogs of War, but see! they are already quieting down."

The bone remains where it was originally discovered, under the watchful eye of Monroe, and, after all the fuss, they have not yet decided as to whom it really belongs.

## THE ONLY COURSE OPEN.

THE Central Labor Union of this city is to be asked by Mr. Charles W. Hoadley to adopt a plan which will put an end to strikes. Mr. Hoadley is ex-walking delegate and is tired of the long record of strike failures. His new plan is, in brief, to submit all grievances to the Central Labor Union, who will pass upon them and try arbitration before any strike or other quarrel with employers is allowed. It is conceded that there have been too many hasty, arbitrary strikes ordered, before the real situation between employer and employee has been understood. Not only have employers doing their best been injured by such hasty action, but the continuous and progressive inefficiency of labor organizations themselves is feared by many friends of union labor as likely to become the ultimate result of it all.

A prominent Central Labor Union delegate reasoned in this connection that strikes cause a spirit of antagonism against employers to arise among trades unionists; that this feeling must be stopped; and that trades unions will be useless unless union labor realizes that relations of employees with employers are business relations, and that business methods must be used.

Of course this is all sound sense and for the general welfare of the country at large as well as for the particular and especial benefit of that large and intelligent class of citizens who have banded together for mutual improvement and loyalty and brotherhood, in the various forms that union labor has assumed. In view of the utter futility of the strike and in view of the improved conditions the New Order will insure, the business method is the only course open.

Rome was not built in a day, and it will take time to make union labor organizations the strictly business enterprises that they ought to be. Mr. Hoadley's move is in the right direction, and will lead up to the more perfect condition represented by the joint stock labor union. The fact that the strike is a failure and is so recognized by all parties including the general public means that business methods must take the place of the loose, haphazard practices that have done so much harm. When the final triumph comes—in the joint stock labor union—this journal will have reason to rejoice in the company of all right-minded people.

## BRITISH EMPIRE EXPOSITION.

THE Dominion of Canada is to have a great International Exposition during the coming summer. The Exposition, which will be officially known as the British Empire Exposition and International Display of all Nations, will be opened on May 25 (the Queen's Birthday) and will be kept open until October 12. It will be Canada's first great International Exposition and will include exhibits from all parts of the world. The active spirit in the enterprise is Mr. Joseph H. Stiles, who was the British Commissioner at the California Midwinter Fair. At the close of the Midwinter Fair, Mr. Stiles paid a visit to Canada and was at once struck by the magnificent possibilities that it afforded for a great Exposition. With the encouragement and support of several public-spirited citizens he set to work, and it was not long before he had obtained the necessary capital. Being thoroughly *au fait* in Exposition work, he obtained assurances of assistance and goodwill from many of the largest exhibitors in the world who had taken part in other Expositions.

Mr. Stiles and his staff of officials have been busy for over a year engaged on the preparatory work in connection with the Exposition and the arrangements are now well advanced. The objects and scope of the Canadian Exposition were explained by Mr. Stiles at a great mass meeting of citizens recently held in Montreal.

Mr. Stiles's plans were enthusiastically received and the Exposition was unanimously endorsed by the citizens in mass meeting assembled, and the Dominion Government and city authorities of Montreal called upon to assist it.

## NATIONS THAT WILL TAKE PART.

The idea of the Exposition has been heartily received by foreign countries and advices already received indicate that there will be extensive displays from the United States, the United Kingdom, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Russia, Poland, Turkish Empire, Switzerland, Australasia, Ceylon, Burmah, Cape Colony, Japan and China, Mexico, South and Central American Republics.

## SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.

In addition to extensive exhibits from these countries, many special attractions of a novel and interesting character will be provided, such as: The Avenue of All Nations, Old London Bridge and Street, The Rock of Gibraltar with H.M.S. "Victory," The Venetian Canals with Gondolas and Gondoliers, The Electric Railway and the Alps Scenery, The Haunted Swing, Children's Fairy Land, The Colorado Gold Mine, The Mirror Maze, The Burmese Snake Charmers and Jugglers, East India's Wonderland, The Moorish Palace (in it Eden Musee), The Microscope and Gyroscope Top, An Ostrich Farm, Chinese Village and Pagoda with Theatre, Japanese Park with Hoods and Tea Garden.

## THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS

are situated at the base of Mount Royal, which is one of



the most beautiful parks in America, abounding in the most magnificent natural scenery. The grounds comprise over sixty acres of land. The Exposition buildings will be of the most unique and beautiful descriptions, illustrative of various forms of architecture; they will include Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building, Horticultural and Agricultural Building, Fine Arts Building, The Palace of All Nations and other structures.

The grounds will be artistically and beautifully laid out, and everything will be done to add to the convenience and comfort of the visitors. There will be flowing fountains and green lawns, and prizes will be offered for the best designs in laying out the grounds. Many of the leading bands of music in the world have been engaged to furnish music during the Exposition. Electric illuminations, and fountains, as also a grand display of fireworks will enhance the beauties of the grounds at night.

The railways and other public bodies, it may be mentioned, have taken up the Exposition with enthusiasm, and the indications are that it will be a grand success. Offices for the State of New York have been opened in the Postal Telegraph Building, Broadway, where full information may be obtained.

### THE GREAT STORM.

The greatest storm on record in the United States was that which began to develop in the Gulf of Mexico on February 1, and culminated in the New England and Middle Atlantic States on the night of the 6th. Along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts it spread terror and destruction all day on that date and after dark attained the velocity and elemental angry mood of a genuine hurricane. Forecaster Dunn finds no record to approach this latest weather phenomenon, and old mariners, with one or two exceptions, agree that they have seldom seen a more thoroughly reckless exhibition on the part of the elements in the waters of the Western Hemisphere. Only to the salts who have done service in the Indian Ocean Region of Calms and Cyclones is anything more violent and destructive known, in the shape of wind, wave, fire and suffering.

Only one steamer left the port of Boston all day on the 6th, and she was bound for New York. That was the "H. F. Dimock," and she had to seek shelter in Provincetown Harbor. The tug "Scully" with four barges was in the teeth of the storm off New London, Conn. When night fell at Boston and around the coast through the Sound, the hurricane took on a fierceness that murdered sleep in village, town and city. The same convulsion of Nature struck off down the coast of New Jersey, and at Philadelphia, and through the Delaware Breakwater region the rain descended almost in cloudbursts, up to noon. Mills in the suburbs of Manayunk were compelled to shut down owing to high water in the Schuylkill. The two-masted schooner "Allie B. Cathrall," of Wilmington, Del., bound from Newberne, N. C., to Bridgeport, Conn., loaded with lumber, was blown ashore near False Cape Life-Saving Station, Va. The schooner went high and dry on the beach where the storm and the waves left her. The crew were taken off in the confusion of the wildly lapping waves by the life-saving corps who expect this kind of thing.

An unknown steamer went ashore near Little Island, Va., and a three-masted schooner took the beach at Poyner's Hill, N. C., but both were treated more fairly than the "Cathrall." The Storm Giant blew them off after giving them a rough shaking and a bad scare. The tug "M. L. Farmer," in an attempt to cross Albemarle Sound, was blown ashore near Leigh's Landing, Va. Captain Floyd, Sidney McMullen and two colored men reached shore, but four of the crew were left on the tug at the mercy of the hurricane. Nearly all the telegraph wires were blown down in Jacksonville, Fla., and at Mobile. At two such far-distant points as Hazelton, Pa., and Atlanta, Ga., extraordinary destruction of property was reported as taking place at about the same time of the day. It was the universality, the continuity, the wide geographical sweep and the simultaneous stroke of this storm that make us pause in presence of the appalling sight of Nature in an elemental angry mood. In localities, the scene of destruction was more vivid from the concentration of the waves of darkness, fire, flood and terror through which we view it, whether in its origin, in its resistless energy of progression or in the grandeur and awe of its climax.

The naked strength and essential irresistibility of this great February visitation is perhaps most appreciable by the intellect, when viewed merely as Forecaster Dunn viewed it, in its great extent, fierce velocity of current and simultaneous stroke at points of many degrees in varying latitudes, and separated by many hundred miles; at varying elevations; along the rice-bearing, low-lying sands of the Carolinas and in the carboniferous regions of Pennsylvania; in the cold inlets about Cape Cod and Long Island Sound, and in the Everglades of Florida.

Coming down, however, to details, the double-page drawing this week gives a vivid view of the scene of flame, flood and hurricane at Bound Brook, N. J. A rumor at midnight of the 6th reported that one hundred lives were lost in the midst of the scene of unprecedented confusion of elements. Water flowed three feet

deep through the streets a large part of the city was enveloped in flames, the hurricane howled through the sheets of water that fell and over the flames that defied the downpour. Assistance was impossible to get from outside cities because the railways were blocked by washouts, and the local fire department struggled with the triple combination single-handed. The rumor of one hundred deaths gained easy credence when a faint picture of the scene was telegraphed. The Metropolitan District could see toward the southwest the reflection of the fire at Bound Brook. Happily, though, the rumor proved to be without foundation.

Our illustration shows also the British tramp steamer "Lamington" shipwrecked in the storm at Patchogue, Long Island. Fifteen men clung to the rigging while big seas swept over her. The steamer went on to the Long Island sands under a full head of steam. Most of the crew were brought ashore, and no lives were lost.

Near Bristol, Conn., the New England Railroad bridge over the Pequabuck River was being repaired by a gang of men at nine o'clock at night. The bridge had been wrecked during the day, and the superintendent hastily got together a gang of forty of his best bridge-men to go to work on it in defiance of the surging waters, and the swaying spans, and the hurricane. When the collapse came, the men are supposed to have been engaged in swinging a new steel span into position. They were standing on the slippery edge of what was left of the old wooden bridge swept away during the day. In the darkness all hope of saving the unfortunate who went down with the structure was abandoned. Only six of the gang were saved.

Taken as a whole, the great February storm of 1896 will long be remembered along the Atlantic coast. It is filled with records of heroic daring among the Life Savers. Considering the fury of the outbreak, the destruction of property and the loss of life must have been very great, were it not for the timely warning from the Weather Bureau. The meteorological fact connected with it is, that the trend of climatic change is in the direction of more and more destructive storms developing in the Gulf of Mexico. The Government is doing good work, in life-saving and weather-signal facilities all along the coast, and it is quite apparent that we will need the best and most thorough work more and more as the Gulf storms grow more formidable.

Since Charleston developed as an earthquake region these storms are growing more severe as well as more frequent. These climatic and geologic changes in the Southeast cannot be prevented. Another generation may find us prepared for them at regular intervals. What can not be cured must be provided against in the case of hurricanes, because it is not easy to endure them.

### WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

At last, after a lapse of thirty years, a permanent tribute has been paid to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Last week in five States—New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Minnesota and Washington—was inaugurated the custom of observing Lincoln's birthday as a general holiday. But this is far from being sufficient. Until Congress rises to the situation and declares the day a national holiday he will not be fittingly honored. When this is brought about the month of February will be a notable period in our year. The conjunction of Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, falling, as they do, almost within a week of each other, will be a constant incentive to patriotic thought and feeling.

Washington and Lincoln, distinct as they are individually and widely differing in almost all their characteristics, represent the highest type of American manhood. Differing in nearly every other respect, yet they were the same in that broad humanity, that sterling patriotism, that serene uprightness of character which underlay all their other characteristics. In Washington we have the high-minded scholar, the scion of an aristocratic house, reared in an atmosphere of monarchical ideas and predilections; all of which he set aside and with them sacrificed opportunities for preferment, to engage in the struggle for liberty. He risked everything he had to see the nation established—he made it—he was truly the father of his country.

Lincoln was more truly the product of the country which his predecessor had brought into being, and was therefore more truly the typical American. Sprung from the "dumb, unrecorded rank-and-file," born to poverty, obscurity and hardship, yet, like the nation of which he was destined to be the preserver, he rose superior to his surroundings and eventually asserted the greatness that was in him. As long as the nation endures, as long as the fire of patriotism burns in the American breast, the names of these two heroes will be indissolubly linked—the one the maker of the nation, the other its preserver; the one the father of his country, the other her foremost son.

### THE PEOPLE'S BONDS.

A BACKWOODS Justice of the Peace, who was also something of a Shylock in a small way among the small farmers of rural New York, usually spoke of a mortgage held against Jones's or Brown's farm as Jones's mortgage or Brown's mortgage. A back-dis-

trict schoolmaster once objected to this view of the situation on the ground that, in so far as they represented property, the mortgages belonged to the Justice of the Peace.

"What have I to do with them?" demanded the latter. "The farms are good for them. If those people don't attend to them, it is their lookout, not mine."

The schoolmaster concluded that he knew less about mortgages than the local Shylock did, and thoughtfully changed the subject.

On the same thoughtful plan, we propose to accept the doctrine that the recent one hundred million-dollar issue are the People's Bonds. If the people do not take care of them the farm is good for them, and the gold men have nothing to do with them. If the bonds do not bring about prosperity, that will be the fault or concern of the people, also.

### THE PASSING OF THE OPAQUE.

HERR ROENTGEN is the discoverer of the process for photographing the inside of solid bodies, the rays being directed at one side of the solid and making the picture or shadow on a sensitized plate on the side directly opposite. There is no question that this would have been looked upon as a marvel, if not as a miracle, in the early days of photography. But is it a marvel or a miracle to-day? To use plain language, is it possible for light to pass through a "solid" body? Is there really any such thing as a solid body?

The assumption that light, the cathode ray, the X light, ether, or whatever the fluid substance may be called, does actually penetrate the solid body when this impression is made, is not altogether a warrantable or a necessary assumption—perhaps—in the actual workings of this marvel. There is a theory that all material substances are composed of ultimate indivisible particles; that these particles do not touch at any point; that they are actually in motion—even in the most solid bodies—as the result of constant attraction and repulsion; that in the interstices between these particles there is a subtle fluid.

Why may it not be that there is a fluid substance akin to light—though more ethereal—in these interstices; that the interstices are so nearly infinite in number that the ethereal rays through them are also all but infinite in number; and that hence the belief in the actual "material substance" of solid bodies is a myth?

If such be the case, there is of course no really opaque body in Nature at all. How far is it from this conclusion—a conclusion that the Roentgen process makes imperative—to the theory that all matter is merely a seeming and a dream which only awaited the magic wand of science to dispel?

### ABOUT THE NORTH POLE.

A DISPATCH received from Irkutsk, Siberia, says that a trader named Kouchnareff, who is acting as agent for the explorer Nansen, has stated to the Prefect of Kelymsk that he has received information that Nansen has reached the North Pole, where he found land, and that he is now on his way back to civilization. How Kouchnareff got his information is not stated, and we see no reason why he did not explain it to the world at the same time that he gave out the alleged news from Nansen.

There have been many such rumors during this year so far, with no means of confirming them. Until such additional details come from Nansen himself, we have to choose between the rumors and the belief entertained by his countrymen that the great explorer has long since perished.

### MORE ORGANIZED PATRIOTISM.

GENERAL M. A. DILLON of Washington, who was the founder of the Union Veterans' Union, and the Medal of Honor Legion, has founded a new patriotic semi-military organization, having for its main object the cultivation of the spirit of Americanism and the strict enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine.

The organization is called the Oriental Order of Zouaves, is national in its scope, and will admit citizens of all ages and good character to membership. The uniform adopted by the order combines the national colors, and is of a very showy design. The relief of members in distress and of their widows and orphans is part of the plan of the organization.

WHEN the New York Yacht Club decided on the 13th to give Lord Dunraven two weeks to make an apology—it is an interesting question, Must his Lordship apologize then under pain of expulsion and the forfeiture of the name of gentleman?

THE London Chronicle says the rumor of Gladstone's return to public life is absurd; but if it is, it is also to be regretted, as the old statesman and defender might show certain other British statesmen how to deal with Turkey, if he only could have a few more years in the public service.

NOW, after the bonds have been "awarded" to the successful bidders, many of the latter have no money to pay for them. In that case the allotments will fall into the hands of the syndicate—thus making the loan still more "popular," as it were.

## A MOVE IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.

The following communication speaks for itself:

"New York, Feb. 13, 1896.  
"MR. P. F. COLLIER, New York, N. Y.

"DEAR SIR—At a meeting of publishers, paper-makers and others, held on Monday, February 10, at the office of the American News Company, to devise ways and means of defeating the Loud Bill (H. R. 4566), a copy of which is inclosed and which explains itself, Messrs. John Elderkin and O. J. Victor, who had been to Washington in the interest of publishers, explained the urgent necessity of prompt and aggressive action on the part of all interested parties. Powerful influences are behind the bill, and never before, probably, was a postal measure so vigorously urged. At this meeting it was voted that the only possible way to defeat the measure was by arousing public opinion against it as much as possible, and by sending a committee at once to Washington to labor with Senators and members of the House from now until the bill comes up. This, of course, will incur some expense, and the undersigned were appointed a Finance Committee to raise the necessary funds for carrying out such measures as may be deemed wise. Every interested person is requested to contribute the sum of Fifty Dollars, and any surplus that may be remaining after the matter is disposed of will be refunded pro rata. Checks may be sent to either member of the Committee or to Mr. John Elderkin, treasurer, care Robert Bonner's Sons, 182 William Street.

Yours truly,

"O. G. SMITH, of Street & Smith,  
Publishers, 29 Rose Street.

"J. F. McCURE, Publisher  
"McClure's Magazine, 30 Lafayette Place.  
"F. M. LUTON.

"Publisher, 106 Read Street,  
Finance Committee."

The publisher of COLLIER'S WEEKLY declines to go into this scheme for reasons stated last week. Also for the following reasons: The powerful influences that are behind the Loud Bill are all those who believe that the best works of American authors neatly and substantially bound ought not to pay eight cents a pound postage, while worthless and injurious works in paper covers are carried for one cent a pound.

While we have always favored the cheap and easy dissemination of good literature and a certain amount of Government co-operation to that end, experience shows that this Governmental liberality has been abused, to the perverting of youthful minds and the vitiating of the popular literary taste. The Loud Bill is not working for "powerful influences" but against them, and for the general welfare, not only of the people and the rising generation, but of publishers who combine an active interest in American letters with the successful prosecution of the publishing business. The Loud Bill ought to be viewed on its merits. Senators and Representatives need the facts and figures, and do not need to be labored with.

The readjustment of the second-class list is demanded by "powerful influences" from the Home, from the School Room and from persons charged with the care of young people corrupted by bad books that the United States Treasury helps to place in their hands. Against such influences COLLIER'S WEEKLY will not strive.

The publications that will be unfavorably affected by the passage of the Loud Bill are not wanted or asked for by the people, as seen in their lack of bona fide subscription lists. In any case, such publications ought to pay their own expenses of transportation and distribution—and this is all the Loud Bill will compel them to do.

No; the Loud Bill ought to become a law, leaving a reasonable limit of time to expire, for the protection of actual subscription contracts between the people and the publishers. Under the spirit of the Constitution this protection is scarcely a matter of discretion with Congress; and with such a provision in the enacting clause we are heartily in favor of the Loud Bill.

## NIAGARA DRY.

It is hard to conceive of Niagara Falls running dry, yet that is what nearly happened last week. The American Fall was practically dry, as, instead of the usual depth of from three and one-half to four feet, less than five inches is going over at the deepest point, while in some parts, notably near the Cave of the Winds, it is simply trickling over.

This remarkable phenomenon is explained by the existence of an immense dam of ice on the Schlosser Reef, about two miles up the river, which diverted the water to the Canadian Falls. For a time last week it was possible to walk from the mainland to Goat Island without wetting more than the soles of the shoes. This is the first recorded instance of such a phenomenon.

## MANY-SIDED MR. PLATT.

We are accustomed to seeing the astute and wily Mr. Platt of Tioga in many roles, but it is rather a novelty to find him posing as a siren. The spectacle of the crafty up-country statesman hypnotizing his victims and thus rendering them ready tools for his nimble wit is familiar, but it is rather startling to find him charming them by his song as he did on a recent occasion at an East Side banquet. His own explanation of the possession of that hitherto unknown gift is interesting. He says:

"That was the first time I have sung a song in public that way for fifteen years. I was afraid I had forgotten how, but after I got started the song came smoothly enough. I enjoyed the spontaneity with which the other guests joined in the chorus very much, and it made me think of the good old times when I was leader of a glee club that sang political songs in a good many stirring campaigns."

What does Dr. Parkhurst think of this practical application of an art acquired within the sanctified precincts of his church?

## FISTICUFFS AND TALK.

It begins to look as if Maher and Fitzsimmons were no more anxious to meet than were Corbett and Fitzsimmons last year. It is a repetition of the now familiar tactics—much talk and little else. The latest tale is about the selection of the arena. It is said to be a mysterious plateau on Mexican soil, surrounded on three sides by mountains and accessible only from the fourth side and from American soil. Then just as the meeting is arranged and the day fixed one of the contestants is blinded by alkali dust. No wonder that even so good an authority on the subject as Mr. Corbett is unable to "pick a winner." In the art of dodging and evading—which, by the way, seems to be the latest development of the fistic art—both seem to be adepts. If the championship is to be decided by their respective abilities in this regard, it will be a difficult undertaking.

## CUBA'S NEW DICTATOR.

General Weyler, the new Captain-General of the Spanish army and Governor of Cuba, is thoroughly disgusted with the state of affairs on the island. With the enemy so close to the city, the army divided into small sections and everybody's courage on the wane, he cannot see how the condition could be worse.

General Weyler is, however, confident of ultimate success. Ceaseless activity and constant work will, he said, attain it. He will discontinue the present system of fighting in small detachments in the hope, probably, of forcing a general engagement.

## IT WILL BE REPAID.

In these days when the selfishness of money-getting extinguishes to so great an extent the gentler and finer feelings, it is a pleasure indeed to note the voluntary action of a great firm or corporation going outside the usual lines and assuming an expense to a considerable amount for the benefit of employees. The Indiana Bicycle Co., manufacturers of the Waverley bicycles, does this in a most pleasing way. Beginning January 1, this company furnishes free medical attendance for

all of its one thousand or more employees and their families. It also furnishes warm soup and coffee for the men in the works at the noon lunch hour. Office rooms for a physician have been fitted up in the big factory building and the doctor will be in attendance constantly during working hours. As an example of warm-hearted and friendly consideration of their employees, this move on the part of the company is hard to beat, and will greatly increase the loyalty of its employees.—*Cycle Club Bulletin.*

## THE TOUCH OF NATURE.

The young wife bereaved, and sitting among her little ones, mourning for the one who will not return, is a scene that contains that "touch of nature" handed down to us as a world-thought, and supremely exemplified by the Peerless among Poets. The one who is not in this case kin to Princess Beatrice and her babies is simply a stranger in the family of humanity. To Prince Henry of Battenberg, breathing his last breath on a sultry night at sea off the pestilential coast of West Africa—knowing that he would never reach his wife and bairns, even to die—the right-minded will pay a fitting tribute, in that all must feel how lonely and desolate was that last parting with earth and sun and the day.

Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg was a brother of Prince Alexander, the soldier and ruler of the new Bulgarian State, and he was as brave as that much-tried but rather unconquered young German. What prompted Battenberg to go to the wilds of Africa with the Ashantee expedition is no longer even an open secret. The Queen and Princess Beatrice his wife were anxious that he should remain at home, but such a position was not to his liking. He had no standing in the official or military life of Great Britain. He sought to make a name for himself. Instead of "honorable scars" he got a stroke of the deadly fever, and he died an honorable man, a true soldier, and an example worthy the imitation of other princes.

There can be no doubt that the English gentleman respects now the name of Battenberg. And his death, on the field of a manly ambition, will be regretted by gentlemen everywhere, as a concession to the feeling that the world can ill spare the unselfish and high-minded. The young household stricken has but to say, "He will not return"—the world-heart knows what that means, and that it means the same in the palace as in the cottage.

## NOT RUDYARD'S STYLE.

"Rudyard Kipling," says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "says he does not read criticisms of his own works. He is missing some literature better than his own." But that is easily explained. These criticisms are written for newspaper readers and are therefore, presumably, intelligible, and Mr. Kipling has a holy horror of anything that is intelligible. He belongs to the Chinese puzzle school of literature. To be great according to that standard is to be absolutely incomprehensible, and Mr. Kipling is nothing if he is not great. We do not blame him for the abstinence noted above—we rather admire his devotion to principle. If an accident were to reduce one of those criticisms to "pi" at the moment of going to press we could conceive of Mr. Kipling reading it with gusto, but not otherwise.

## DOGS AND DOGS.

There are canines and canines. Some dogs are just dogs. The canines at the Dog Show this week are really something extra in the canine line. There are dogs from all over, and distinguished canines even from the other side of the Atlantic.

These canines are of the class for whom we must use the relative pronoun *who* instead of *which*. They are aristocrats. They have a distinguished and carefully selected pedigree. Many of them are not burdened with good looks; but somehow that does not seem to hurt them, especially in the favor of certain people. A dog can positively be so ugly as to be attractive. The illustration on another page exhibits some of the finer specimens at this year's Dog Show at the Garden.



Captain Curtis, R. E., superintended the work of laying the field telegraph in the bush.

WITH THE ADVANCE GUARD IN ASHANTEE.



BUT HE SHALL NOT RETURN



The only preparations made by the Ashantis to receive the British troops were those of the women, who decked themselves out in their gayest attire.



LORD LEIGHTON.

No less than five canvases are left unfinished by this eminent painter, and they will be exhibited next year. His part in the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral makes all the more fitting the choice of that noble building as his last resting-place.

A week before his death Lord Leighton's spirits were at the highest. He talked with confidence of his recovery from his heart trouble. A lady said to him by way of consolation that it took seven years to cure heart disease. "Thank you for nothing," said Leighton. "I mean to be better in a year." It was not to be.

A few days later he passed away surrounded by those he most loved—his two sisters; Mr. Val Prinsep, of the Academy, his best of friends; and Mr. Pepys Cockerell; and his last thoughts were for them rather than for himself and his own sufferings: "Let me die quickly—it is more painful for you than for me." "Give my love to the Academy," was another of those last characteristic messages completing a life which had been utterly devoted and unselfish from first to last.

A NEW CRISIS.

As the WEEKLY goes to press there is a serious misunderstanding between Great Britain and the Transvaal Republic. President Krueger accuses Mr. Chamberlain of interfering in the internal affairs of the Boer Government.

In reply to severe criticism at home Mr. Chamberlain defends himself and strongly denounces the Transvaal Republic for the wrongs inflicted on the Uitlanders.

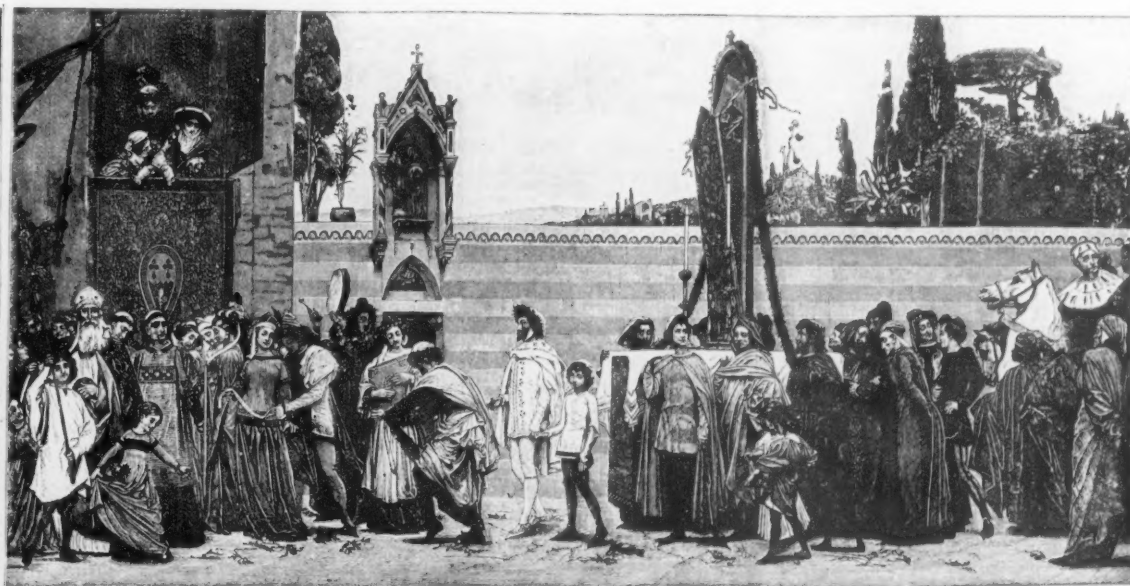
In the Reichstag the recent vigorous course of the Emperor with reference to alleged British aggression in South Africa was vigorously defended. The situation once more threatens to be serious, as the WEEKLY predicted it would be, when the trouble began about the Jameson raid.



The A indicates the exact spot where the late President of the Royal Academy will be buried by the side of the grave of Sir Christopher Wren and ahead of that of Turner.  
THE ARTIST'S CORNER IN THE CRYPT AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.  
LORD LEIGHTON'S LAST RESTING-PLACE.



THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON'S HOUSE IN HOLLAND PARK ROAD, KENSINGTON.



"CIMABUE'S MADONNA CARRIED THROUGH THE STREETS OF FLORENCE"  
THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON'S FIRST EXHIBITED WORK (ROYAL ACADEMY, 1855)



THE LATE LORD LEIGHTON LYING IN STATE IN HIS STUDIO IN HOLLAND PARK ROAD  
FROM A SKETCH BY LANCE CALKIN



## YANKEE DOODLE SOLUS.

I.  
Why, what's all this? Upon my life  
I believe the Old World's full of strife,  
While we're O.K. Can get good price  
For all our bonds. Now ain't that nice?

II.  
Now there's John Bull, who loves good dishes,  
He thinks we should consult his wishes,  
He can't half chew this Monroe question—  
But swallow it, John, 'twill bear digestion.

III.  
Good Luck! Just see the goings on  
Of Wily Jap and Pigtail John,  
Fighting just like a pair of freaks  
While off scoots Russia with the stakes.

IV.  
And Uncle Sam, with winning smile,  
Doth Miss Kanuck to trade beguile;  
Just shows his wares, while his brow he wipes  
And sells her a dress of Stars and Stripes.

V.  
And there goes Empress Vic's bad boy,  
Thinking his grandmother but a toy  
To pelt with baseballs. How're the throws?  
Three for a florin! Here she goes.

VI.  
That bad egg Turkey's day is past,  
Armenia's time is come at last;  
And lest her much-wished chance might spoil  
She's cooking her foe in boiling oil.

VII.  
And La Belle France. How can it be  
That she should go on such a spree?  
But while the bad Socialist he pelts her  
Our Doctor gives her Bromo-Seltzer.

VIII.  
And Spain and Cuba, 'cross that line,  
Are doing each other up so fine  
One of them surely must take a drop  
Or else we'll tell them they must stop.

IX.  
(AFTER A PAUSE.)  
Come, now, 'tis best we'd all be friends,  
On peace prosperity depends;  
Life's not worth living if we cherish  
Long-treasured feuds. Oh, let them perish!  
In cold oblivion's deepest gloom  
Each thought of hate should find its tomb.  
Rend'ring to each what help we can  
Should be the world's accepted plan.

X.  
Who'll lead? Don't answer all at once,  
Each for himself should make response,  
Encouraging let's hope 'twill be,  
Kindling a feeling of amity.  
Let's call the roll. We want no noodle—  
You bet we don't, sayeth Yankee Doodle.  
—PAUL PLIMTON.

## PUBLIC OPINION

## WE LEAD—OTHERS FOLLOW, AFTER A WHILE.

From "Collier's Weekly," January 9.

"In the name of our common humanity, in the name of the slain innocents whose last cries are to Heaven for vengeance and to the far-off Republic for a word of protest that ought to be heard, this country must send at once an official note on the subject. President Cleveland's formal Message to Congress struck the keynote. The Powers must rule Turkey if Turkey cannot or will not stop these massacres. Congress sees what the situation is. We showed Europe, on a former occasion, how to abolish the tribute paid to the Mohammedan Barbary pirates. We owe it to ourselves and to civilization to offer a plan for the swift abolition of a still more infamous and appalling tribute—the massacre of thousands of helpless men, women and children, offered up as sacrifice to the greed and jealousy of European Powers."

From "Saturday Review," February 1.

"It is, no doubt, interesting and significant that the Americans should take the Armenian horrors to heart quite as much as the English do, while nobody on the Continent is at all disturbed about them; but between American sympathy and a deliberate reversal of the

time-honored American policy of non intervention there is a wide and, probably, impassable gap.

"It is worth recalling, however, that, some ninety years ago, the American Republic did wage active war in the Mediterranean, under circumstances bearing likeness enough to the present state of affairs to afford at least a tolerable precedent. The whole northeastern coast of Africa at the beginning of this century was a nest of pirates, who had levied blackmail upon the commerce of the Levant, and borne off white seamen and merchants into captivity, for hundreds of years. Then, as now, the 'concert of Europe' fell to pieces whenever the coercion of the Moslem was suggested. United action among the European States to suppress this nuisance could never be obtained, and the various nations embraced the ignoble alternative of paying annual tribute to these Barbary corsairs, as a price for the immunity of their shipping. The United States followed this established custom until 1801, when the Pasha of Tripoli raised his price, and America resisted the extortion and went to war. American fleets blockaded Tripoli, and fought naval engagements at various points along the African coast as far as Mogador, until at the end of four years, in 1805, the conclusion of peace found the power of the Barbary pirates practically broken. Many of the reputations most highly treasured in American naval history—as of Preble, Rodgers, Decatur and Hull—were won in this curious struggle, of which Europe has forgotten the very fact that it was ever fought."

## POETRY IS SUFFERING.

Kansas, the region of cyclones and Populism, seems to be suffering from other and more dire afflictions. The famine of poetry and the plenty of that other commodity that passes for poetry in certain quarters, which we are now experiencing have evidently been felt there, as the following expression of opinion from the *Atchison Globe* seems to indicate: "Poets are very rare, but no man seems to be so poor intellectually that he does not attempt to write poetry. Poor poetry is becoming as common as poor piano-playing. There should be a law holding these jingling people responsible for the harm they do."

## THE ARMENIAN IN MANITOBA.

The *Manitoba Free Press* takes up the cudgels for Lord Salisbury in regard to his policy in the Armenian matter. It says: "The London Liberal papers are less than fair to Lord Salisbury in reference to his speech on the Armenian situation. It is no doubt a bitter disappointment to a large section of the English people that a British Premier has had to confess to failure in his efforts to intercede in behalf of those Christian subjects of the Sultan. But Lord Salisbury, taking the people into his confidence, had to admit that he was unable to stay the hands of the cruel Turks. This was a confession of impotence that was both unexpected and disappointing, and the penalty of making it is a generous measure of abuse from the Liberal newspapers." It then goes on to justify the Premier's course and attempts to show that he had no other resource. In conclusion it says: "To talk about 'craven words' is utter nonsense; they were painful, unpalatable words, coming from the Premier of a nation that is not often baffled in anything it undertakes, but they represented a situation that is unavoidable."

## MASSACHUSETTS AND THE SOUTH.

The *Atlanta Journal* points with glee to the fact that, despite the reputation enjoyed by the people of New England, and especially Massachusetts, for love of the negro and his cause, the color line is more strictly drawn in that section than even in the South. The negro, it claims, receives fairer treatment in the South than anywhere else.

"It is undisputed," says the *Journal*, "that there are many avenues open to the negro in the South which are closed against him in the North and West. In those sections negroes are employed only in the most menial service, while in the South there are thousands of negroes who receive excellent wages as mechanics. They are employed in almost every pursuit; white men work beside them and treat them fairly. A negro carpenter, stone mason, bricklayer or blacksmith would be a curiosity in the North, while we see hundreds of them in Atlanta, and they are to be found all over the South." The *Journal* then quotes from a Boston paper an account of the difficulties experienced by the negro Bishop Arnett in his search for hotel accommodation in that city, and suggests that New England critics of Southern social conditions should look to themselves and remedy the evils at home before going abroad in search of employment.

## TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

From the "Union and Advertiser," Rochester, N. Y.

"The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has agreed to allow a resolution to be reported which asserts what is not established fact, that 'a condition of public war exists between the Government of Spain and the Government proclaimed, and for some time maintained by force of arms, by the people of Cuba,' and makes the absurd proposition that 'the United States of America should maintain a strict neutrality between the contending Powers and accord to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States.' The first part of the proposition is absurd because superfluous, as the United States are maintaining a strict neutrality as they are under treaty obligations to do, and the second part because the insurgents have neither a visible de facto Government, a capital, nor a seaport under their control. They are no more belligerents, entitled to recognition as such by any established Government, than were Eugene V. Debs and his army of strikers who ran riot at Chicago and other railroad centres for quite a while in 1894."

From the "Tribune," Chicago, Ill.

"At last the Senate Committee has risen to a realizing sense of its duty as regards Cuba, as well as of the sentiments of the American people. The Senate Com-

mittee has now taken the right step, and the one it should have taken long ago. Instead of asking Spain to concede belligerent rights to the insurgents it recognizes that a condition of war exists between them and Spain, proclaims a strict neutrality as between them, and accords to each belligerent rights in the ports and territory of the United States.

"We have waited a year while the Cubans have been struggling against immense odds. Spain did not wait a month when this Government was assailed. Before a single great battle had been fought she had given the Confederates the freedom of her kingdom and all her colonies. The time has now come to repay that debt. Spain cannot complain that it is an act of resentment. The state of war exists, and on the patriots' side it is a war to the death. Let this Government give them the only help it can short of ordering Spain to keep hands off and acknowledge their independence, which it should do, and give it freely, promptly, and ungrudgingly. This done, the patriots will do the rest."

## TENNESSEE AND HER EXPOSITION.

The duration of the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition has been extended from three months to six months, and the time for holding the big fair has been changed from the fall of 1896 to the spring, summer and fall of 1897. This change was decided upon for the same reasons that caused the postponement of the Chicago World's Fair from 1892 to 1893—the development of the enterprise to such dimensions that it was impossible to get the Exposition ready at the time originally named.

When September 1, 1896, was fixed upon for the opening of the Tennessee Centennial it seemed certain that every detail would be completed by that time, but within the last two months such a flood of applications has poured in on the management, and so many opportunities for increasing the scope have offered themselves, that the Directors saw that it would be sheer foolishness to cut these off, and go on and open in September with a fair one-half in extent to what it could be made in 1897. Every argument on both sides of the question were carefully heard in public meetings of citizens, and the decision was finally unanimously reached that the Exposition that is to mark the end of the first century of Tennessee's history shall begin May 1, 1897, and continue six months, to November 1.

Though the late fall and winter are attractive in their way, Middle Tennessee is at its brightest and best in the spring, summer and early fall, when the skies are clear and the verdure luxuriant. In those seasons it is never warm enough to be oppressive, and the atmosphere and surrounding landscapes contribute delightfully to outdoor amusements and attractions. Tennessee had rather have no Exposition at all than to be represented on her one hundredth birthday with an incomplete effort, and therefore more time will be taken in order to establish an elaborate display of resources and evidences of art and thrift that will astonish the visitor from other lands.

Seven buildings constituting a part of the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition, which will be open at Nashville from May 1, 1897, to November 1, are now under construction to be completed by June of this year. These edifices have an aggregate floor space of over four hundred thousand square feet and will cost nearly two hundred thousand dollars. The reproduction of the Athenian Parthenon, which will be the centrepiece of the Exposition, will be entirely fireproof, and the stone and brick walls of the cella have risen to a height of twenty-five feet and the workmen are rapidly building them up until they will be fifty feet. Around this cella the fifty-eight magnificent white columns will be erected and on top of all the steel roof will be constructed. The ground floors of the Machinery, Transportation and Commerce Buildings are finished and the erection of the superstructures has begun. The Woman's Building and the Administration Building are under roof and henceforward the work on these structures will be in the hands of the interior finishers. The framework of the Auditorium has been completed sixty feet up to the base of the tower. The Agriculture, Minerals, Forestry, Horticulture, Negro and other main buildings will be put under contract from time to time, and all of them will be covered on the exterior with white staff.

## WHAT NEXT?

It is not enough that the country is placed in the position of a bankrupt going into the hands of a receiver; not enough that the future is mortgaged to such "people" as the seventy-six million-dollar Stewart syndicate and the one hundred million-dollar Morgan syndicate; it is not bad enough to have to listen to the talk about the immediate prosperity that is to follow this bonding of the wealthiest nation on earth. No; we must needs have the cry of scandal in connection with the opening of the bids.

Senator Hill introduced a resolution to inquire as to how these bids were opened. It is intimated that unfair advantage was given to the Morgan syndicate so that it changed its bid to 110.6875, only after it learned, by collusion with some one, that the Stewart syndicate had bid 110.075. It is useless to discuss this affair. But, what next?

A YOUNG widow put up a costly monument to her late husband and inscribed upon it, "My grief is so great that I cannot bear it." A year or so later, however, she married again, and, feeling a little awkward about the inscription, she solved the difficulty by adding one word to it, "alone."

## BAPTIST ANNIVERSARY AT PORTLAND, OREGON.

For this meeting, which is to be held in May next, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway will sell excursion tickets at one fare for the round trip. This company has its own line between Chicago and St. Paul and Chicago and Omaha and runs solid vestibule electric-lighted trains every day in the year. Close connection is made at both Omaha and St. Paul with through transcontinental trains on connecting roads.

Any information desired concerning routes, rates, etc., will be cheerfully furnished on application to Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., or to any coupon ticket agent in the United States or Canada.





## NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM.

THE cobbler, says the old proverb, should stick to his last, and with equal appositeness and with no disrespect to his cloth might the clergyman be advised to stick to his pulpit. A physician as a legal adviser would hardly command universal respect for his opinions, and the minister who turns from the task of preaching the Word to wander into the field of dramatic criticism cannot wonder if his judgment in matters theatrical is accorded less respect than his exposition of dogmatic truth. Not that it is impossible or even improbable that a good doctor may be also a good lawyer, or that a worthy minister may combine with the sanctity and dignity his calling implies the critical acumen and knowledge of technique necessary for a competent critic. But the combinations are so rare that it is safe to predicate of the minister—with the necessary change in the nomenclature, of course—what was predicated so many ages ago of the cobbler.

And all this anent an article in the *Forum* for February, entitled "The Stage From a Clergyman's Standpoint." Although why the clergyman's point of view should present the stage in a different aspect from that of any other earnest, self-respecting citizen, I am at a loss to know. The day when the morality of the stage stood in need of defense and the approval of the clergyman, as a recognized authority on the subject, was so earnestly sought, is now happily past. Sir Henry Irving voiced the sentiments of every earnest friend of the drama on that memorable occasion a few years ago when he publicly resented the imputation that the morality of the stage ever stood in question, and therefore, this emphasizing a clergyman's opinion of the stage seems a trifle out of date. If from a clergyman's point of view why not also from a lawyer's, a tailor's or a hotel keeper's? It matters not that, as the Rev. Mr. Hughes says in the opening paragraph of his article, "forty years ago the pulpit very strongly condemned the stage." That is very true, and forty years ago the clergyman's view of the stage was an important matter. But we are not living in the atmosphere of forty years ago and hence it seems rather irrelevant.

But this is all parenthetical. What I meant to direct attention to was the fact that this latest specimen of clerical criticism bears out what I said about the cobbler. Mr. Hughes takes as his standard in passing judgment on the stage the words of the apostle: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." A most excellent standard, indeed, to apply, and not alone to things theatrical. But does the reverend gentleman consider that it is sufficient for a play to conform to this standard? Does he consider that nothing more is required of a play than that it be good from a moral point of view? Has it ever occurred to him that it should have other merits than purity of motive and cleanliness of incident and dialogue—that it should be well constructed and well written, that it should be technically strong as well as cleanly and wholesome? Evidently not, for in his commendation and his condemnation he seems to pay no heed to that essential part of playmaking, the construction, the grouping of incidents, the elucidation of the story. He judges them all by the standard formulated by the apostle—are they moral, he approves them; are they immoral, he condemns them. He knows no other criterion.

But I must not be construed into disagreeing with him entirely. Far from it. I most heartily approve of his contention in regard to the immoral in the drama. No matter how excellent, as a specimen of the playwright's skill, if a play is tainted and unwholesome it has no place on our stage; but the converse of this proposition is not necessarily true. It is not true, as Mr. Hughes seems to hold, that because a play is pure and cleanly in its sentiments, elevating as to the types of manhood and womanhood it presents, it should succeed and win the patronage of the public irrespective of its technical merits or demerits. It is not enough that it should be clean—it must also be well written and well made. As an instance of this peculiar view of the situation let me quote from the article. Speaking of the vitiated taste of our New York public and its tendency to patronize the bad rather than the good, he says:

"One of the most unwholesome productions of the kind is a play called 'Aristocracy.' I will not pollute the columns of this magazine by a description of this drama, which was presented in Palmer's Theatre before crowded audiences of the New York 'aristocracy.' From a clergyman's standpoint the whole performance was pitiable and contemptible. And yet it drew. Communicants of our churches were among the audience. Christian women were there. And yet the pulpit was silent. Not long ago the clergy were invited by the manager of the Standard Theatre to witness a play entitled 'The Capital.' It was an admirable production, well set on the stage, well acted. It exposed the rascality of political life in Washington. It presented the highest type of priestly life in a clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church. It commended everything that was honest and of good report. But it failed. A licentious production, such as 'Aristocracy,' could draw thousands, while a reputable play like 'The Capital' was performed before empty benches."

Now, can it be that Mr. Hughes believes, as he seems to, that "Aristocracy" succeeded solely because it was unclean and that "The Capital" failed solely because it was reputable. He loses sight of the fact that other circumstances besides the morality or immorality of a play make for its success or failure? The atmosphere of "Aristocracy," as I remember it, was somewhat tainted, although I think the reverend gentleman is rather too severe in his sweeping condemna-

tion; but it was a masterpiece, viewed from a technical standpoint. "The Capital," on the other hand, despite its purity and cleanliness, was but a sorry specimen of the playwright's work. Mr. Hughes has become mixed as to the causes of the respective results. "Aristocracy" did not succeed because it was nasty, but because it was so constructed as to attract, to hold the attention of the auditor. "The Capital" failed, not because it was clean but because it was poorly constructed. Had the conditions been reversed, had the one play the purity of tone of the other combined with its own masterly construction, or vice versa, Mr. Hughes would have been obliged to search elsewhere for examples.

He is almost equally unfortunate in his further choice of examples, and, altogether, his article is far from convincing. For instance, he says that in "The Gay Parisians" he sees nothing objectionable as plays go, and elsewhere that "the most critical mind could not possibly find fault with 'Christopher, Jr.' as performed by Mr. John Drew; or that exceedingly amusing piece, 'Jane.'" I grant that from a moral point of view "the most critical mind" could find no fault with "Christopher, Jr.," but surely he does not mean to hold up that flimsy structure as even a passable play. As for the other two, they are adaptations of French farces, teeming with situations for which French farces have become proverbial the world over—situations which it would be a charity to term only *risque*. Where was Mr. Hughes's sense of the suggestive when he witnessed them? I think I am right about the cobbler and his last.

COMUS.

## THE SUPERFLUOUS MALE.

WHAT THE CHANCES ARE FOR OBTAINING A JOB IN NEW YORK IF YOU ARE OUT OF ONE.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE SHARKS AND THE WAY THEY PREY ON THE VICTIMS OF MISFORTUNE AND HARD TIMES.

A CERTAIN sage several years ago told the young men of Gotham to go West, and some of them are mighty glad that they took his advice.

The writer was recently assigned the task of finding out how easy or difficult it was for a sound and healthy young man with the best of references to obtain employment in New York City.

Naturally, the first step he took was to pick up a daily newspaper and glance over the advertisements classified under the alluring heading "Help Wanted, Male."

Before proceeding to select something which would look like a good opportunity to begin the battle for fortune, he first made out a tabulated statement of the advertisements in order to see how many genuine positions there were offered and to calculate his chances. There were about three columns of "ads." making in all two hundred vacancies, for which there would probably be an army of at least twenty thousand aspirants. An analysis of the advertisements showed that out of the two hundred there were forty-two calling for agents on commission, five canvassers, forty-one salesmen, four solicitors, thirty-nine commission men and sixteen boys. No salary was attached to any of these offers, the ambitious candidate being expected to hustle at his own expense and to help build up the wealth of some sagacious schemer with a remote possibility of getting some infinitesimal "residue" of the profit himself eventually when every one else was satisfied.

This disposed of one hundred and forty-seven of the two hundred situations offered. Of the remaining fifty-three vacancies two were for bookkeepers, with chances of promotion, but nominal salaries to start with, and thirty-five for mechanics. The balance of sixteen looked on the surface as if they might be genuine offers of positions for which a respectable business or professional man might be utilized at some kind of a salary. There was a chance, however, that a fair proportion of them might conceal some subtle scheme for securing services on a commission basis.

On turning over the paper it was found that, under the heading "Situations Wanted, Male," there were six columns, in all about four hundred proffers from industrious males of their services for various grades of consideration from nothing upward. With these four hundred offers to counterbalance the sixteen evidently genuine vacancies, not to speak of the horde who, too poor to pay for an advertisement in the paper, had doubtless rushed off as soon as the morning papers were published to take up a position at the door of the prospective employers, the writer calculated that there would be little use in adding himself to the interesting exhibition.

Having arrived at this conclusion, the next thing for him to do was to avail himself of the employment agencies. A reference to the business directory informed him that in New York City there are something less than two hundred registered agencies. A call was made at one of the most prominent offices, which had advertised a number of vacancies for the right kind of men. The inquirer's name, pedigree, expectations and capabilities were promptly taken by the manager. The latter should have been satisfactory to any employer wanting a man who was willing to work hard at anything for a decent living.

When this ceremony was through the applicant asked if he could get a position right away. The manager replied that he very possibly might do so, as there were a number of vacancies on the list. The reporter asked to be furnished with the address of some one who might probably employ him.

"Our fee is three dollars, payable in advance," said the manager. "We shall expect two dollars more when you get your first wages, if you take a situation."

"But suppose I don't get one?" asked the applicant.

"Your name will remain on our books until we have found a place for you," replied the manager.

At this juncture a young man entered the office and confronted the manager rather angrily.

"I want to know if you have got that situation for me yet?" asked the newcomer, angrily.

"Haven't anything on the list that would suit you

to-day," replied the manager, in an off-handed or nonchalant manner.

"No, and never will have, because you are a fraud and do nothing but take in as many three-dollar fees as you can grab and then fool a man with promises until he is sick of coming here." The young man glared at the manager and the reporter took his hand out of his pocket.

The manager turned to his book and fingered the leaves of it in order to appear busy, while a sneering smile played over his features.

The reporter followed the young man out and asked him to relate some of his experiences with employment agencies.

He was not at all a reserved kind of person, and delivered himself freely on the subject. He said: "The people who keep these places are a lot of inhuman harpies. They will drain the last drop of blood out of a poor starving person who doesn't know better than to give up his last dollar for nothing or a worthless chance. Outside of furnishing a few coachmen, waiters, or help of various kinds for domestic service, they seldom or never have a call for a man to fill any other kind of position. That does not deter them from promising to find places for the scores of fools who are tempted by the desperate need of a position to try and get one by any means that may present itself as a feasible one. Having once pocketed your three dollars, that is about all that the agents care about. You are allowed to come here every day, it is true, and once in a while may be given an address, where you are told there is a job waiting for you. You go there to find that you are about the tenth man who has been sent from the same agency, or that it is some job that nobody else will accept. That is my experience of the average employment agency. It is a decided improvement, as a 'skinning' institution, over the green goods game because it is a legitimate business. The law ought to compel these people to return fees in all cases where they fail to provide a position for their clients, and then they would not take the money unless they thought they could furnish the position."

The reporter called at probably a dozen employment offices and was received with the same demand for a fee in advance before anything could be done for him. Giving up this imaginary method of securing employment, in disgust, he then determined to make direct application to the large corporations who employ men for clerical purposes.

The first attempt was made at the office of one of the largest insurance companies in the city. By carefully concealing his real purpose the reporter was ushered into the presence of the president. He was a very benign and pleasant elderly gentleman, and listened patiently to the request that he should find a position for his caller on his necessarily large staff of clerks.

The president smiled at the young man, after regarding him carefully for a few minutes as he might do some strange natural phenomenon. "We have over a thousand applications from young men already on file," he said, quietly, "and many of them are backed up by strong recommendations from stockholders or clients."

A woe-begone look came over the reporter's face. He had previously stated that he came from a Western city in search of employment.

"Excuse me," said the president, pleasantly, observing the obvious disappointment, "but you seem like a respectable young fellow. If a railroad puss back home will be of any service to you I will furnish it, but I am afraid you will find it a hopeless task to get anything to do in the city. There is not half enough work to go round among those who are compelled to stay here."

Calls were then made at a number of wholesale houses and offices of large corporations. In a few places the reporter's address was taken, probably as a polite way of declining his services, but in most places it was promptly stated that nobody was likely to be needed. The day was passed in arriving at the conclusion, on the reporter's part, that the chances for obtaining work in New York, by men who have no special calling except that of being able to perform ordinary clerical duties, are about as scanty as those of reaching the North Pole or winning the first prize in a South American lottery.

One somewhat facetious employer was asked what a man was to do who had a big family dependent upon him and was compelled to have work.

"Shave off your mustache, put on bloomers and pass yourself off for a new woman. There's no end of things you couldn't get to do if you only wore the other kind of trousers," said the waggish employer.

The reporter replied that as long as there were seats in the park and a stale loaf to be had by waiting in line until after midnight outside the Vienna bakery, he would put off transforming himself into a new woman.

"What becomes of all the fellows who don't get work to do?" was the next question that suggested itself to the reporter.

A call at some of the lodging-houses scattered along Park Row and the Bowery revealed hundreds of cases of men who were trying to stave off the fatal moment of actual bankruptcy, while waiting for the long-hoped-for employment.

In these places there are a number of downward grades until one reaches the lowest and most miserable scale of existence. In the vilest of them human beings actually starve or rot to death, and feel no regret when they find the time has arrived when all they are fit for is to make a subject for the dissecting table or to help feed the fishes in the river.

HERBERT E. CLAMP.

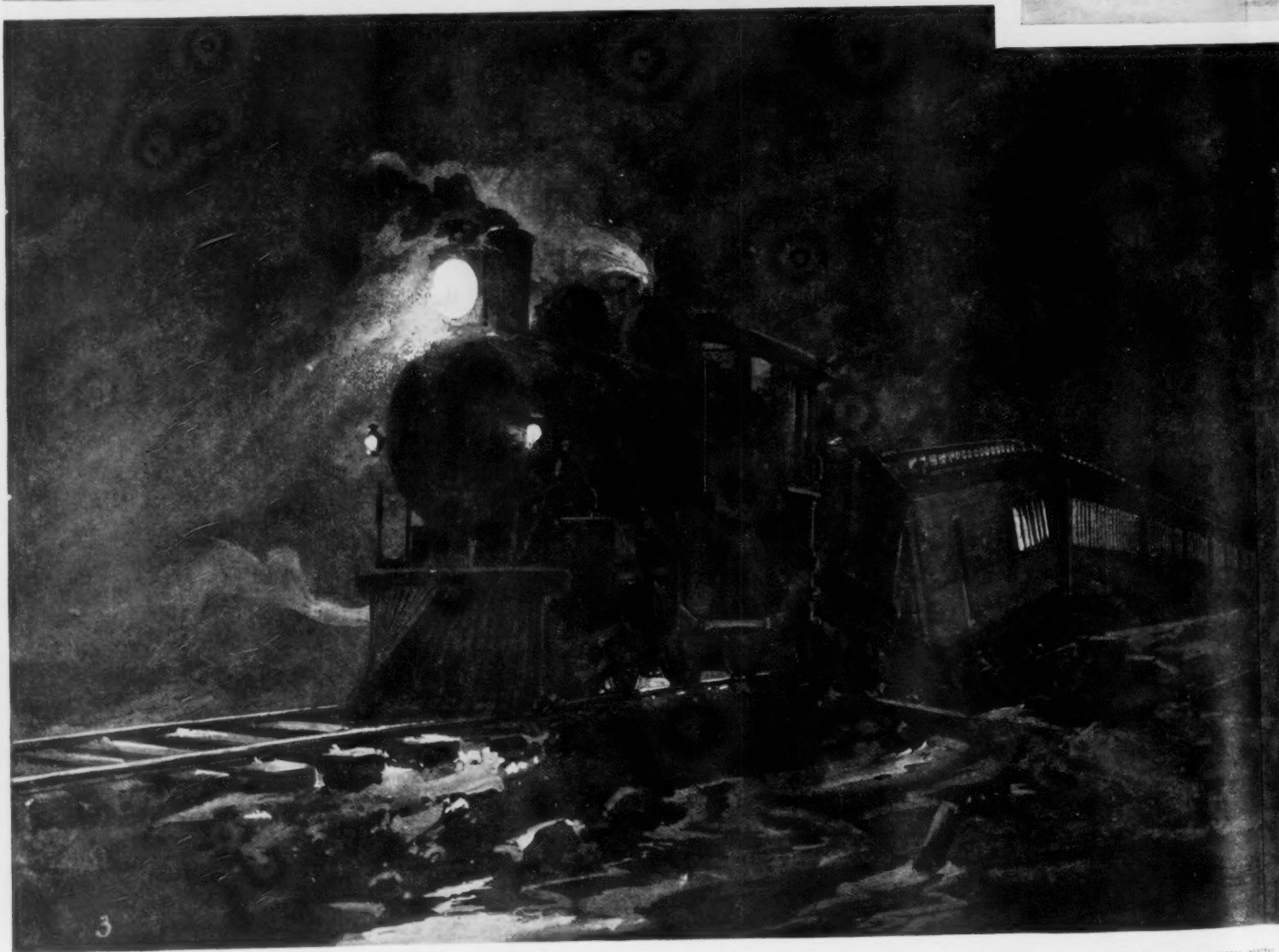
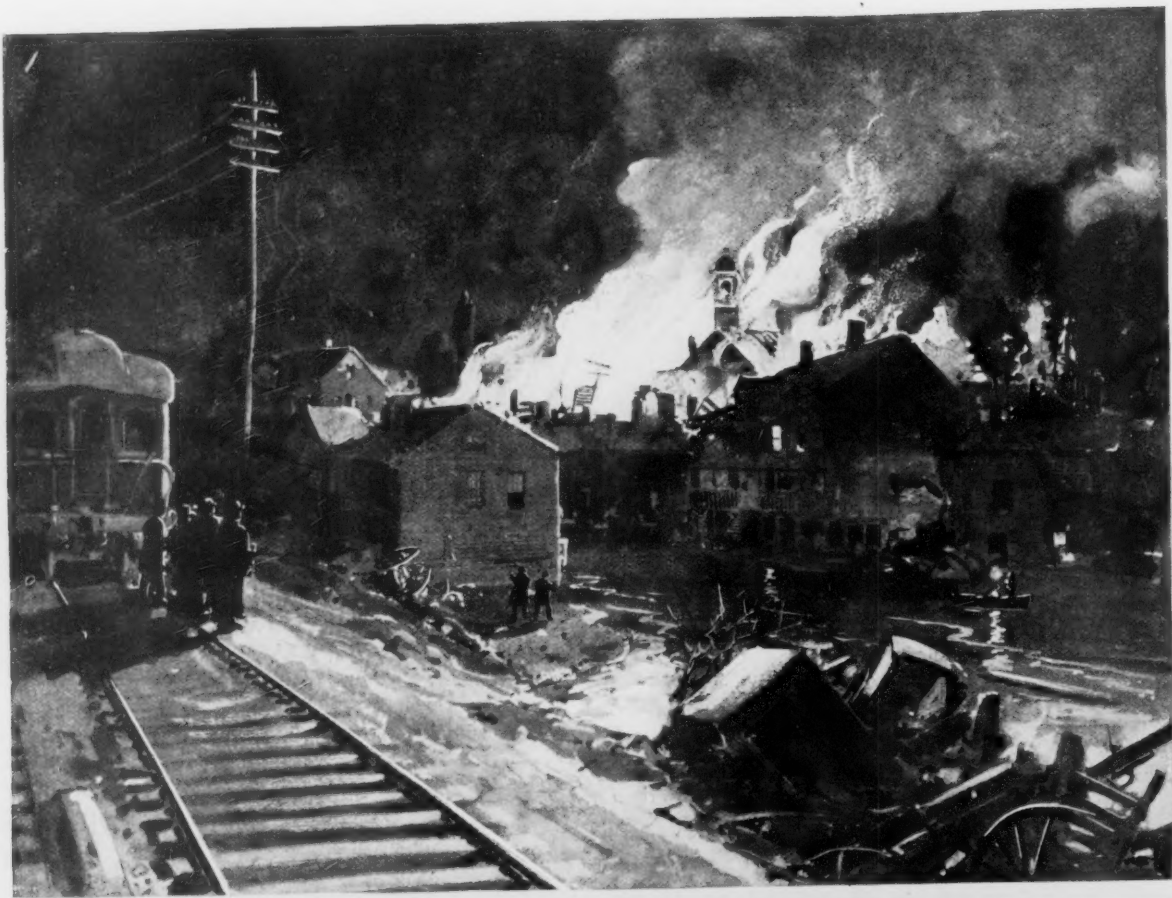
Customer (angrily)—"Look here, Hafton, what do you mean by sending me this coal bill a second time? Why, man, I paid that bill a month ago, and got a receipt for it."

Hafton (consulting the books)—"Um! Ah, yes, I see. Well, don't mind that, my dear fellow. You see, my son was graduated from a business college, and this is some of his double-entry bookkeeping."

ALL true courtesy springs from the heart.

## PLAYING CARDS.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. EORTH, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. & N. W. R. R., Chicago, Ill.



1. FIRE AND FLOOD AT BOUND BROOK, N. J.

2. WASHOUT AND DERAILMENT NEAR LA GRANGE, TEXAS.

3. COLLAPSE OF THE NEW

NIGHT AND STORM A





SE OF THE NEW ENGLAND RAIL ROAD BRIDGE NEAR BRISTOL, CONN.

4. THE BRITISH FREIGHTER "LAMINGTON" ON THE SANDS AT PATCHOGUE, L. I.

STORM AND DARKNESS.—BYRON.

## WASHINGTON.

The Spartan mother, to her son,  
Told o'er and o'er his warrior sire's  
Most daring deeds. 'Twas thus she won  
To brighter flame the patriot fires,  
Which birth had kindled in the breast  
Of Sparta's youth. Such heritage  
And training made of wounds a jest—  
Death was preferred to vassalage.

The minstrel bard in later day,  
Of val'rous deeds and hero's name,  
At festive time, sang tuneful lay  
As tribute to his chieftain's fame.  
Such minstrel lays, like fire to tow,  
Enkindled fresh the flagging zeal  
Of baser souls, until the glow  
Of patriot fires in all was real.

Let us to-day, like bard and dame,  
Pay honor to the memory  
Of him who won undying fame,  
As leader of brave yeomanry,  
Great Washington! As true as brave!  
Thy country in her hour of need  
Called thee from peaceful walks to save  
This goodly land from tyrant's greed.

Like Cincinnatus, thou didst hear  
And didst obey thy country's call.  
Long, weary years of hardships drear  
Encompassed thee, but through them all  
Thou ledst thy small but faithful band—  
For they as thou were brave and free!—  
Till thou hadst won for this fair land  
The heritage of liberty.

Wise leader in the righteous fight,  
Where manhood was in arms arrayed—  
A people struggling for the right,  
When crowned king had trust betrayed—  
Thy dauntless courage ne'er grew less,  
Thou matchless man! thou brave of soul!  
Through sufferings sore and dire distress  
Thou ledst them on to freedom's goal.

Then, later, when the need was great,  
And trusty hand the helm must guide  
To save from wreck the ship of state,  
Thou heardst the call and didst abide  
Thy country's will. Thou gavest then  
Eight other years of leadership  
Till ship of state, by other men,  
Could guided be in statesmanship.

No laurel wreath adorns thy brow,  
No pomp of victor's pageantry—  
No need is there of these to show  
That thou hadst won great victory.  
Thou art enshrined within the hearts  
Of freemen everywhere to-day.  
Thy honor, truth and zeal imparts  
New life. To these, we homage pay.

Midst the mad strife for wealth and power,  
Which close besets on every side,  
Thy life, great Washington, is dower  
Of strength to us, when wrongs betide.  
Thy virtues, ever shining bright,  
Shall guide our footsteps, lest we stray;  
Down through all time, as beacon light,  
Thy life shall point manhood's pathway.

San Jose, Cal.

MRS. A. A. STOWE.

## "WHERE IS THE FLAG OF ENGLAND?"

And the winds of the world made answer,  
North, South, and East, and West:  
"Wherever there's wealth to covet,  
Or land that can be possess'd;  
Wherever are savage races  
To coze, coerce, and scare,  
Ye shall find the vaunted ensign:  
For the English flag is there!"

"Aye, it waves o'er the blazing hovels  
Whence African victims fly,  
To be shot by explosive bullets,  
Or to wretchedly starve and die!  
And where the beach-comber harries  
The isles of the Southern Sea,  
At the peak of his hellish vessel,  
Tis the English flag flies free.

"The Maori full oft hath cursed it  
With his bitterest dying breath;  
And the Arab has hissed his hatred  
As he spits at its folds in death.  
The hapless fellow has feared it  
On Tel-el-Kebir's parched plain,  
And the Zulu's blood has stained it  
With a deep, indelible stain.

"It has floated o'er scenes of pillage,  
It has flaunted o'er deeds of shame,  
It has waved o'er the fell marauder,  
As he ravished with sword and flame.  
It has looked upon ruthless slaughter,  
And massacres dire and grim;  
It has heard the shrieks of the victims  
Drove even the Jingo hymn.

"Where is the Flag of England?  
Seek the lands where the natives rot;  
Where decay and sure extinction  
Must soon be the people's lot.  
Go! search for the once-glad islands,  
Where diseases and death are rife,  
And the greed of a callous commerce  
Now battens on human life!"

"Where is the Flag of England?  
Go! sail where rich galleons come  
With shoddy and 'loaded' cottons,  
And beer, and Bibles, and rum;  
Go, too, where brute force has triumphed,  
And hypocrisy makes its lair;  
And your question will find its answer,  
For the Flag of England is there!"

—London Truth.

## WHERE IS THE FLAG OF AMERICA?

And the soft low winds made answer,  
North, South, and East, and West:  
"Wherever there's joy and gladness,  
Content and peaceful rest;  
Wherever are hapless races  
That need our help and care  
You shall find the trustful ensign,  
For America's flag is there.

"Aye, it waves o'er the lowly hovels,  
Upon Africa's burning sand,  
Above our cherished missions  
Its starry folds expand;  
And where the pearl-hunter tarries,  
On the coasts of the Southern Sea,  
At the prow of our noble vessel  
The Stars and Stripes fly free.

"The oppressed full oft hath praised it  
With his feeblest, dying breath;  
And the Alien has breathed his blessing,  
As he gazed at its folds in death.  
The hungry and helpless have cheered it,  
On many a parched barren plain;  
No innocent blood has stained it,  
With a deep indelible stain."

"It has floated o'er scenes of pleasure,  
It has waved o'er deeds of fame,  
It has smiled o'er the head of justice,  
And put oppression to shame.  
It ne'er looked upon ruthless slaughter,  
Nor massacres dire and grim;  
But has heard the shrieks of whipped tyrants  
Drown even the Freeman's hymn.

"Where is the Flag of America?  
Seek the land where the people's lot  
Is brighter than that of others,  
And injustice reigneth not.  
Go search for the true and noble,  
Who trust in God, not gold—  
There was never a Tyrant's pupil  
Taught beneath its silken fold.

"Where is the Flag of America?  
Go! sail where rich cargoes come  
In exchange for our fleecy cotton,  
Grown beneath our Southern sun.  
Go, too, where the right has triumphed,  
And wrong has sought its lair—  
Your question is truthfully answered,  
For America's flag is there."

Trimble, Tenn.

—JONAS JUTTON.

## SOCIETY AND NOTORIETY.

NOWADAYS, when Miss Brown-Jones wakes on the morning after a ball, her first thought is to find out whether any of the newspapers have chronicled the splendors of her gown, or even gone further and dizzily complimented her eyes, her complexion, or the curves of her shape. If the damsel finds herself agreeably noticed in print it may be for her a joyful discovery, but it is surely not a wholesome one. If she fails to find herself noticed at all it is certain to be a discovery both saddening and unwholesome. Not very long ago the editor of a prominent and refined journal told me that he had fought against the "society column" until he became conscious that further opposition was ill-advised. He succumbed to the strenuous demand, and Miss Greenback's diamonds and Mrs. Knickerbocker's emeralds are now items of weekly import in his newspaper.

There is no doubt that the majority of cultivated New York people dislike to see the names of their guests and the quality of their entertainments thus publicly printed. Naturally the strugglers for what is called "social position" here are desirous of having a calcium-light effect given to their private festal functions. But with people who have been born and reared among the minority which it is customary to term select, there is, I should say, much reluctance to having their household dinners, receptions and dances placed on very much the same level as the latest murder, forgery and divorce case.

Still, journalism, in all its trends and caprices, must be treated as philosophically as the ordinary sane person treats the weather. There it is, and you must put up with it in patience. Quarreling with it is like whipping the sea with rods, or like arguing with a fall in the thermometer.

I recall very clearly the entire absence of this newspaper publicity about two decades ago. The doings of society were then wholly ignored by journalism. Such English periodicals as *Truth*, *The World*, and countless imitators, had not then set for us the fashion of fashionable gossip. In her large and beautiful home on whose site the Waldorf Hotel now stands, the late Mrs. John Jacob Astor gave many sumptuous dinners and three or four brilliant balls which were never even vaguely referred to in any daily or weekly journal. Mrs. William Astor, in the year 1871, gave a ball of marked elegance for the introduction into society of her charming eldest daughter, Miss Emily Astor, who afterward became Mrs. Van Alen, and though the decorative flowers and the generous viands were quite as choice as those at any like entertainment over which this lady has since presided, no description of the event was ever printed. If one had appeared, at that day, in any paper, I am sure that it would have seemed, both to us young dancing people and our more staid elders, as an affair of the most audacious meddling. "Who wrote it?" would have echoed from lip to lip. . . . Again, Mrs. Matthew Wilks, in her spacious home on the corner of Lafayette and Astor Place (now usurped by a towering commercial structure), often received her friends with lavish yet unadvised hospitality. It was the same with her kinswoman, Mrs. Langdon, living just opposite, a near relative, like Mrs. Wilks, of the Astor family. Mrs. James I. Jones, a sister of Mrs. William Astor, gave superb balls in her huge house on Washington Place, next door to the New York Hotel, and yet not the faintest mention of them was ever made in any newspaper. I remember a most charming ball given at the old Minturn mansion, on the corner of Twelfth Street and Fifth Avenue, for the "coming out" of Mrs. Minturn's youngest daughter—a festivity important and delightful enough to be celebrated, at the present day, by a bevy of eager pens. Even the great public balls were seldom given more than a paragraph of commemoration. And now to read the columnfuls about Mrs. Briggs in pink brocade, and Mrs. Diggs in white satin, makes one almost feel translated into some new planet.

Of course it is commonplace to call the society tattle of the newspapers demoralizing. Everybody knows that it provokes envy, heart-burning, and often even despair. For there are people in the world who take a card to one of the Delmonico's Balls as seriously as a case of influenza. To-day we often hear it affirmed that New York fashionable life is ruled by a collection of parvenus. But a few very ambitious persons are anxious, at any cost, to secure the favor of this exclusive if mushroom throng. One cannot, in such connection, however, use the word "mushroom" unamiably. One uses it, indeed, with keen realization of how succulent, pink-lined and palatable a thing the really good mushroom is. The "new people" of New York society are in one respect a very winsome and interesting lot. I mean the women, who excel in good breeding and often in personal grace besides. As for the men—well, when has the American man not been eclipsed, in refinement and attractiveness, by the American woman? Practically he is so eclipsed nowadays, I should decide, just as he was in the days of Washington and Jefferson and Madison. Say what one will the *parfait gentleman* is not yet a copious American product. But the woman capable of holding her own with the most cultivated and nice-trained *grandes dames* of Europe dwells to-day in New York, and her name, if not by any means legion, is fairly comprehensive.

The newspaper discussions of the doings of these people, however, are destined to a speedy oblivion. It is not Mrs. Manhattan, blazing with jewels in her opera-box, whom the Twentieth Century will remember. English annals have shown us that fact. The biographies of simpler yet greater lives are those which after generations chiefly demand and read. Mere fashionable people may have expensive tombstones when they die, but these are destined to a lonely and neglected grandeur. Poor Charlotte Brontë is more talked of to-day than many a contemporary duchess who flared her gems and feathers in Mayfair. The sorrow and premature death of Keats has more interest for us than all the social predominance of many a contemporary potentate. Shelley, abhorred by English "society," and drowned in his yacht off the Italian coast, is a memory imperishable beside that of some haughty earl who would have shrunk from bowing to him in Bond Street or Belgrave.

Here and now, in New York, there are little assemblages of thoughtful and purposeful men and women whose words and creeds and feelings will be passed down to posterity long after the toilets and the snobbery and the pretension and the general plutocratic arrogance of the "Four Hundred" have been safely forgotten. Beau Brummel, and Beau Nash, and men of their foppish type, are remembered as figures of caricature picturesqueness. But who remembers their medish and flippant associates? When all has been said, the true "society" of the world is that which escapes record in the morning newspaper, and which wins perpetuating memory in the dreams, the affections and the writings of generations either youthful or yet unborn.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A BAD break in a curate's sermon is reported in the *Church Times*. After appealing to the old with, "And you old men, with your hoary head," he turned to the young men with the appeal, "And you young men, with your blooming cheek." He tried to change the phrase, but it was too late.

Lady Visitor—"I am sorry to see you here, my young friend. You appear to have had a good education."

Convict—"Well, madam, I have been through Trinity College."

Lady Visitor—"Is it possible?"

Convict—"Yes; that's the reason I'm here. They caught me as I was going through."

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



## UNTIL THEN.

BY LIDA A. CHURCHILL.

"A NINETEENTH CENTURY parting" the original girl declared it to be when Haven just lifted his hat and shook hands with his friend, who went calmly back to her easel.

And the original girl was right. It did have the brevity and crispness of the age of obedient steam and harnessed lightning.

But, as it happened, that parting was not the real one. A parting of close friends before curious or indifferent spectators seldom is the real one.

Standing together the night before on Sunset Rock, Haven and Miriam Reese had talked of their long companionship, their plans and hopes, and each had made the other a promise.

Not a promise of marriage. Neither had thought of this. Something else was uppermost in their minds.

"But there will be hard, dry, colorless stretches, when inspiration will not come, and even aspiration may fail," Haven had said, looking toward the west where the sun was going down with never a cloud about him.

"Of course life cannot be all mountain thoughts and burning thoughts," answered Miriam Reese, "but it is in the valley and near the dust that we learn the patience which is the larger part of genius. Fear accomplishes nothing. We will not fear."

"Success has chosen you and put its sign upon you," said Haven. "I am sure Fame is weaving her laurel crown for you."

"And you have chosen success," said the girl, "and your choice will serve as a command. Life will obey you."

Haven held out his hand. "Each shall be the other's prophet," he said. "Five years from to-day we will meet in the place where we can secure hangings for our pictures. In those years no dreams which do not foretell realities, no hours spent in unworthy leisure, no careless work, or less than earnest labor. At the end of those years each is to have painted one picture which shall be the fruit of his best inspiration, the blossom of his most skillful toil. No word between us in these years, but confidence and abiding faith. Is this not the promise?"

"It is the promise," was the answer. "And now we must go. Our talk has been long. Good-by, friend of mine, till five years are past. We will trust each other until then."

"Until then," said Haven, grasping yet more closely the hand he held. "God bless and keep you, friend of mine, until then."

Surely this was not a nineteenth century parting. Not the usual one, at least; but even a materialistic age may have its idealists, and all things are not prosaic even in a prosaic age.

All their fellow-pupils in De Forest's studio declared that Raymond Haven and Miriam Reese were the oddest pair that ever existed. They had been on the most intimate terms for two years, and every one supposed they would be engaged, if not married, before that morning of the parting; but here was Haven going away for an indefinite time, and the two remained, to all appearances at least, still merely friends, and friends who could part for a long period in an extremely indifferent manner.

It is possible that the disappointed ones did not know what being merely friends may mean to a certain order of souls.

Miriam Reese was to remain another year under the instruction of De Forest, and then open a studio in New York. Haven was to go to Rome and remain there for an indefinite time, should the plan seem a wise one when he had tested the possibilities which the Immortal City held for him.

The two had made a compact other than the one of which we have spoken. They had promised that each night during their five years' separation a tryst should be kept between them. Every day when the sun was going down each should face the west, and send to the other strong, helpful, happy thoughts. They did not talk of telepathy. Neither had heard the word; but each felt that comfort and heart sustenance would be borne on the thought-wave which would flow between them, and life be made sweeter by this sunset tryst.

It was fortunate for these two that the promise of no idle hours and devastating dreams existed between them; for after their parting each felt the lack of customary stimulus, the colorless days began sooner than Haven had anticipated, and Miriam found less comfort in her philosophy when said to herself than when she had repeated it to her friend. But the promise was kept, for they were honorable souls, these two, who seemed to have appeared so unflittingly on a stage of existence when romance is out of date and the keeping of vows has come to seem a foolishness.

The young women of the studio, watching interestedly to see how Miss Reese would bear the absence of the man who they considered should have been her lover, if he was not, beheld what seemed to their sentimental souls a strangely cool-blooded young person who resumed her work the hour Haven went away, and labored more industriously after his departure than before, and that with unromantically good color and energetic vigor. If she sighed no one heard her, and as it was her custom to take solitary walks it was accounted nothing strange that every evening just before sunset she left the house, and was seen going toward the place where she had really parted from her friend.

From the bare room which served him as a studio and living apartment Haven went forth to steep his soul in the art atmosphere of Rome, and to that task which all young artists assume—copying the old masters.

It had never occurred to him that he was a genius; but since the artist fever was in his blood and the artist cunning in his hand, he had resolved, in his genuine way, that whatever his work, copying or creating, it should be worthily done. He had never had much faith in his creative powers, but since that last conversation with Miriam Reese he had dared to hope that he might originate at least one picture—the picture which was to meet the gaze of his friend after five years.

His sunset tryst was also religiously kept. Night

after night he turned his face toward the west, and night after night between him and the glory or the gloom of the sunset sky stood the figure of the fair girl for whom he was to do his best.

Miriam Reese was indeed a fair girl; but gradually, and unconsciously to himself, the thought-shape in Haven's mind took form and contour, and color more graceful and delicate and harmonious than its original could claim. He, indeed, saw his friend; but it was his friend idealized, glorified. The attitude was more easy and effective, fairer in color and more perfect in shape, the eyes more luminous, the expression more definite and assured. Wholly without his realization of the fact the ideal lost the fashion of the garments which his friend had worn, and became clothed in a graceful, clinging robe whose folds fell about her in a manner to render the picture perfect.

This vision lingered with him, going with him wherever he went, but stood out most clearly during the sunset tryst. One evening when it had accompanied him for months he stretched out his hands with a ringing cry of entreaty.

"Paint it, friend of mine!" he cried. "Paint your own picture! See it as I see it. I find it beautiful. The world will find it so. In this you shall do your best."

It never occurred to him that it was his work to paint the picture. Miriam should paint it, and after five years it should be her masterpiece.

Would that he could make her understand. The days dawned and died, and the perfect vision and insistent desire remained. And so six months passed away.

No thought came to Haven as to what the picture which should represent his best should be. There was time enough. One day the vision would impress itself upon his mind. Let the imagination grow vivid, the mind expand with ideals, the hand grow assured in touch.

But the American papers brought rumors which were not conducive to a studious and idealizing frame of mind. What would be the outcome of the friction between the North and South? Would not the earthquake follow the ominous rumbling of a nation shaken to its centre by questions of such mighty import as that of the right of men to own themselves? Could this subdued uproar be quieted without greater uproar? Would the hollow cry of peace keep a nation peaceful?

The answer was not long in coming. Fort Sumter was fired upon, and then came Lincoln's call for troops. What rest, then, for those who, whatever else they were, were Americans and lovers of their country? How could one dream in quiet old churches and linger in hushed picture galleries when action was called for on one's own soil, and a great wrong crying out for adjustment?

"Do you not see that I cannot stay? That I must not now think of the things of which we planned and dreamed?" Haven cried protestingly as he kept his tryst. "Whether or not I am ever known to men as an artist I must know myself to be a man."

Still persistently, clearly, with every detail of poise and expression, of color and arrangement of drapery, was outlined the glorified figure of his friend, and again he cried with the same entreating vehemence:

"Paint it! Paint it, friend of mine! I find it beautiful. The world will find it so."

Directly from the earliest foreign steamer which landed in New York Haven went to a recruiting office and registered his name, and when the next regiment of volunteers marched away he was among their number.

Miriam Reese wondered that in keeping her evening tryst she could not more fully concentrate her mind upon Haven. She strove to think of nothing but him; but in the place of his image there arose before her the figure of a fair girl, perfect, buoyant, magnetic, not to be dismissed, demanding attention. She did not conceive of this glorious thought-shape as being like herself, and, indeed, it was but little like. She grew interested in this child of imagination, and studied her closely, and came to dream about her. She felt guilty and disloyal that, at the sunset hour, the hour which should have been sacred to her friend, not his form, but that of this haunting shape stood before her, claiming his thought, monopolizing her attention; but her mind seemed powerless to wrench itself away from the intruder, or to put aside the vision.

Half idly she began to sketch the thought-maiden, and then in real earnest filled out the drawing.

She still kept her tryst, but with the feeling that it was a pretension and a sham. Although the wish was strong within her to be to the uttermost all that she had promised Haven, and although her interest in him was not less real, her friendship less loyal, than in the old days, this thought-enchanted would not be put away, and came most vividly before her during the hour when she would most gladly have put her aside.

Carefully the sketch of her was made and remade until it grew to perfection.

(Concluded next week.)

## A GOOD NEW MOVE.

Members of the engineering profession, who believe in the progress of industries through science, will be interested to learn that, according to *Science*, a movement is in progress, in this country, having for its object the development of a system of mechanical engineering "experiment stations," on much the same basis as the existing agricultural experiment stations. It is anticipated that the outcome will be the organization of such stations in all the agricultural and mechanical colleges of the country in which the agricultural experiment stations have been successfully organized and operated. The purpose of the movement is to secure the promotion of engineering research, and of the development of the scientific facts and principles which are of most value to the mechanical arts and to the profession of engineering. The headquarters of the central office, to which all will report, is thought likely to be the Bureau of Steam Engineering of the Navy Department, that being the largest, most important and most generally suitable of the Government Bureaus to take cognizance of such work as is contemplated. A Department of Mechanical Arts was proposed years before the Department of Agriculture; but the impor-

ance of the former has not been as promptly or as fully recognized as that of the latter, and nothing has been done in that direction. Should such a department be founded, it will naturally become the centre of the work of mechanical engineering experiment stations.

## BARBAROUS METHODS IN CUBA.

The Cuban towns of Colorado and Zulueta have been boycotted by the rebels. Imperative orders have been issued by the rebel chiefs prohibiting under pain of death the delivery of any beef or vegetables in either of them. Both towns depend on the small butchers and the farmers in their respective vicinities for the everyday necessities of life. On the Manances road, near the entrance to the town of Colorado, the body of a man was found suspended from a tree. He had been delivering meat, and on his return the rebels stopped him and hanged him to a nearby tree as an evidence of their earnestness. The rebel orders and this hanging have produced a veritable panic.

The Narcisca sugar estate, at Yaguajay, the largest in the district, continues to grind cane, but under many disadvantages. The estate laborers work in fear of their lives, as the rebels may dash in at any time and hang them.

## EASIER NAVIGATION IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC.

On no other frequented trade route are vessels so liable to be obstructed by drift ice as in that portion of the South Atlantic lying to the east of Cape Horn and the Falkland Islands. A chart just issued by the Hydrographic Office at Washington, to show the limits of the enormous ice fields encountered by mariners in those waters, will therefore be of great service. The chart also gives for the months of March, April and May the isotherms or lines of equal temperature of the surface water. It is stated, however, that these lines are of doubtful value to the navigator in announcing the proximity of ice, as practical experience has shown that the temperature of the surface is little affected thereby. The report of Captain Macmillan, of the ship "Dudhope," is especially interesting in this connection: "Careful thermometric observations of air and water were regularly taken, but our approach to ice, always from windward, was not once indicated by an appreciable change of temperature, in either air or water. On passing to leeward of the bergs, a fall of a few degrees was generally observed in the air. On one occasion we passed within a cable's length of a berg, and found the temperature to be the same there as at several miles' distance. This would go to show that in thick weather—or in any other—even temperature and thermometer at normal height should not be accepted as a trustworthy guarantee of immunity from ice. Care and a most vigilant lookout are the only trustworthy safeguards. To depend on the thermometer would mean disaster, as I am convinced that a ship would be too close to the ice to extricate herself by the time the thermometer would indicate its presence." The location of the ice limits, however, will be of value aside from the doubts as to the correctness of the thermal lines—a matter which the navigator will have to guard against in any case.

## FACTS ABOUT THE SUEZ CANAL.

A report to the State Department from Frederic C. Penfield, United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General at Cairo, Egypt, says that although the number of ships passing through the Suez Canal in 1895 was eighteen less than for the preceding twelve months, the year 1895 was the most fruitful in receipts the canal company ever experienced. This, he says, is explained by the special traffic caused by the Chinese-Japanese War and the Madagascar and Abyssinian campaigns. The falling off on tonnage receipts was more than made good by the tax on troops of Italy, France, Russia and England.

As usual, Great Britain was the principal user of the great waterway; but, according to Mr. Penfield, it is a significant fact that in 1895 she had sixty-four vessels less than in the previous year, while Germany—making a determined fight for trade in the Orient—had eighteen more; and it cannot be assumed, he adds, that the increase of French traffic—one hundred and eighty-four vessels in 1894, and two hundred and seventy-four in 1895—was alone explained by military operations in Madagascar and the East.

Of the three thousand four hundred and thirty-four ships that passed through the canal last year, four only were American, and these were warships and yachts.

## A NEW DEAL WITH AH SIN.

J. J. F. Bandinel, Vice-Consul of the United States at New Chwang, in a report sent to the State Department by Minister Denby, says that after the evacuation of Manchuria by the Japanese troops and the assumption of control by the Chinese, there will probably be a demand at New Chwang for munitions of war, steam launches, machinery and other articles. The munitions of war desired are cannon for fortifications, repeating rifles and ammunitions for artillery and firearms, smokeless powder being preferred.

The machinery is required for crushing castor beans and pressing the crushed seeds into cakes, for reeling silk into cocoons, for treating hemp and making rope and for mining coal and precious metals. Mr. Bandinel recommends the American merchants and manufacturers desiring to compete for this business that they should give all particulars, with prices stated in Shanghai or New Chwang taels, of goods laid down, but not landed, in New Chwang Harbor.

Good Old Lady (to her nephew, a poor preacher)—"James, why did you enter the ministry?"

"Because I was called," he answered.

"James," said the old lady, anxiously, as she looked up from wiping her spectacles, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"

## MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Borington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. Everts, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. & N. E. R. R., Chicago, Ill.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHOW.



A DELICATE COMPETITOR.



MORNING TOILET.

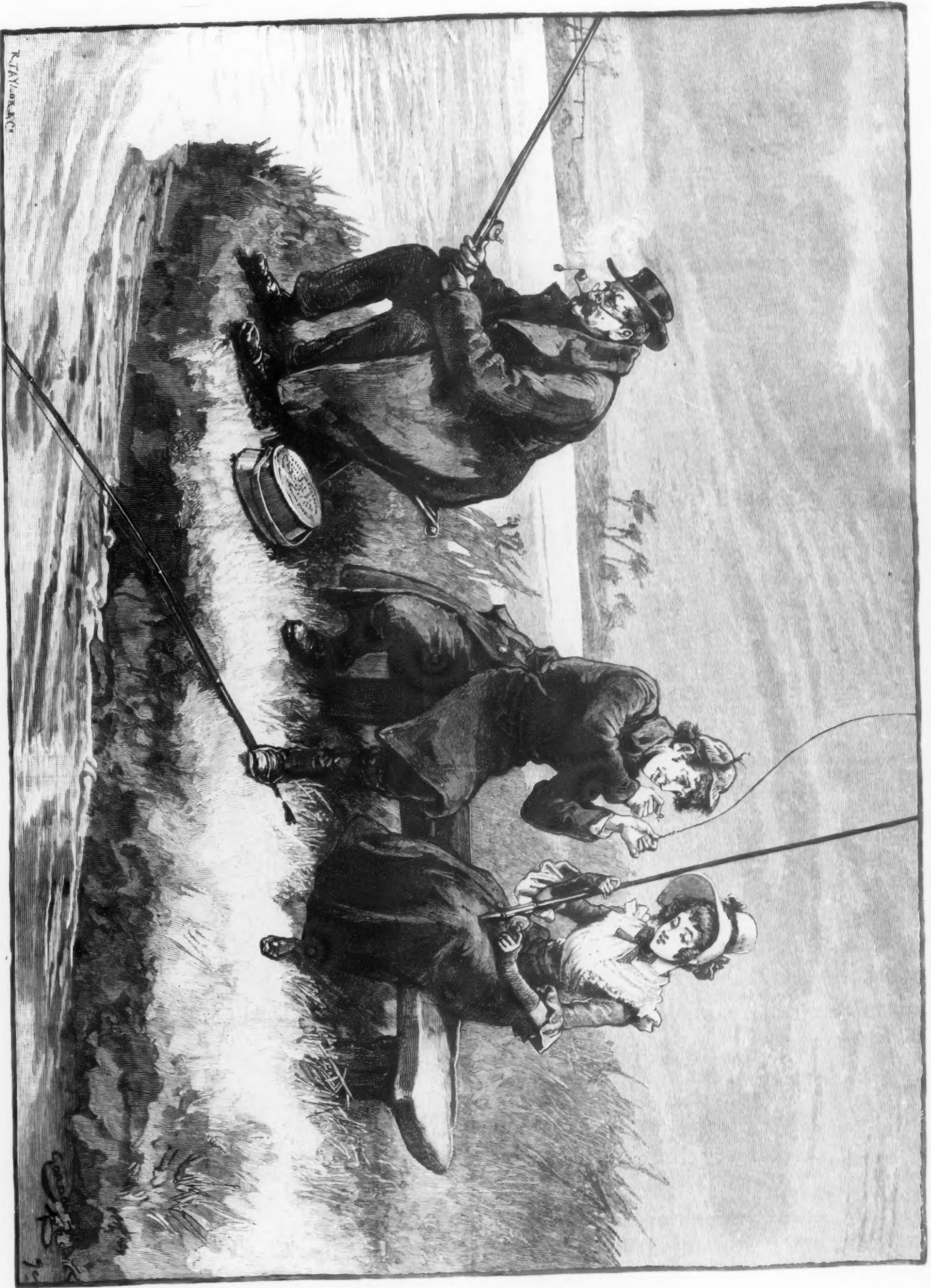


JUDGING A CLASS.



A FAMILY GROUP.





THE THREE FISHERS.

## DAWN.

I saw the dawn marshal her clouds in train,  
Above the couch where day was cradled low,  
And, after frowning night's departing wain,  
Send winged shafts of light with fire aglow.  
Over the ashes of the former day,  
Where dull regret o'er loves to brood awhile,  
The golden shafted sceptre of her sway  
She quickly turns, and all the world's a smile.  
Then with obedience to the day, her queen,  
Now rising radiant, she takes her flight  
Far through the azure, and no more is seen  
Till she again disperse the sombre night.  
Be it vouchsafed that I sometime impart  
To lone night watcher, touch like hand of dawn,  
Leaving to day and toil the stricken heart,  
Then soft return when they, too, have withdrawn.  
—ARTHUR HOWARD HALL,  
Bradford, Mass.

## THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

## THE HIND LEGS OF THE ELEPHANT.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.



BADGE OF THE HAPPY THOUGHT CLUB.

LUCIUS HAYSLITT—"Loosh," as his fellow-town-people called him—was ambitious to become an actor. He was a tall, lank, overgrown country boy, with rather sharp features, and a mop of bushy hair, which he suffered to grow unkempt and long, after the conventional manner of heroes of the stage. From the time when he first entered upon his teens, the desire of

Lucius's heart had been to fit himself for a brilliant dramatic career. Where the boy got his craze, nobody knew; but he certainly had it, and had it badly. All his leisure time was spent in declaiming, posturing, and strutting about the barn or the big attic chamber, or in reciting the most stilted and tragic plays upon which he could lay his hands.

Lucius was seventeen at the time when he graduated from the village academy, with the honors of class oratory thick upon him. No one had "spoken like Loosh"—so everybody said; and the fulsome praise was sweet in the young man's ears. It seemed, to a certain extent, an indorsement of his ambition; for is not elocution a large part of dramatic art? Surely, the young man who can declaim well can act well, if he practices faithfully enough. And for months Lucius practiced—practiced in the pasture, until he frightened the cows into a stampede; practiced in his flat-bottomed boat on the lake, until he fell overboard and got a docking; practiced in the barn, and practiced in the house. In fact, he practiced until the whole family grew sick and tired of his performances, and his father threatened to send him to a lunatic asylum if he didn't "behave more like civilized folks."

This was the last straw, that broke the back of Lucius's forbearance. Hitherto he had graciously tolerated his "folks," because, although he considered them comparatively ignorant and lacking in ambition, they were good to him and loved him. But when his father intimated that Lucius was bordering upon lunacy, the young man felt that he could stand such lack of appreciation no longer. He would go where his talents would be appreciated, and, having made for himself a great and illustrious name, would return and heap coals of fire upon the heads of his family, by presenting them all with free tickets to his next grand performance in one of the leading theatres of the metropolis.

So, in the traditional manner of geniuses, he made a bundle of some clothing and other necessities, slung it over his shoulder on a cane, and, very early one October morning, set out on his weary tramp to the city.

It was just four days later when he stood in the presence of the manager of the Planet Theatre in the metropolis. That important personage was seated behind a littered desk in a small corridor office of the theatre, smoking, with his feet on the table. He looked up with undisguised amusement at the travel-worn country youth timidly pushed open the door, after knocking, and advanced a little way into the room. The manager's tone was kindly, rather than severe or forbidding, as he said: "Well, young man, what can I do for you?"

"I want a position to act in your theatre," said Lucius Hayslitt, frankly. "Bless me, here's modesty!" exclaimed the great man, with a hearty laugh. "You want to act, do you, sir? Well, will you have the kindness to tell me your role? Are you a scene-shifter, or a supernumerary, or what?"

"I am an amateur actor, sir," replied Lucius, with dignity. "I have had a great deal of practice, and am anxious to try actual work on the stage. I feel that I should not disgrace myself," he added, confidently.

Again the manager laughed. "That depends upon who you are," he said, significantly.

Lucius, vaguely feeling himself insulted, or at least not treated with the deference and seriousness due to his talents, was turning to go when the manager cried:

"Wait a minute, young man! It occurs to me that there is a vacancy in the company now playing at the Planet, which you would be well qualified to fill. What is your height?"

"Six feet four inches," replied Lucius, brightening.

"Good! There is to be a rehearsal at four o'clock this afternoon. You may report to me here at that time. I will give you a chance to see what you can do as the hind legs of the elephant."

"The—the what, sir?"

"That is enough, young man. I am busy now. You may call this afternoon or not, as you please. The woods are full of such timber as you. Good-day."

"Good-day, sir. I will come," said Lucius, with a meekness that surprised himself, considering the disparaging nature of the manager's last remark.

As he was stepping from the stage entrance of the theatre into the street a man on the crowded sidewalk slapped him on the shoulder. "Hello, Loosh!" exclaimed a familiar voice.

Lucius Hayslitt turned, and saw, to his astonishment, the editor of the weekly paper published in his town. "Concluded you'd come to the city, eh?" queried the man of items. "Well, perhaps you'd like to know that the whole town is out scouring the woods after you yet. They think you are wandering around somewhere in the Lost Nation, spouting 'Hamlet,' and living on berries and nuts."

Lucius blushed scarlet. The ill-concealed though good-natured sarcasm of the man of the quill was too much. He felt humiliated, misrepresented, misunderstood. A burning desire to show his townspeople what he was and could do came over him.

"No, I am not roaming around in the woods," he said, haughtily; "nor am I forced to depend upon nuts and berries for food. And what is more, if I choose to 'spout' dramatic poetry I shall have a more appreciative audience than birds and squirrels. Perhaps you noticed that I just came out from the stage entrance of the Planet Theatre? Well, sir, that means that I have secured an important engagement with the manager, and shall enter upon my duties this evening. I am to play one of the most important parts in 'The Rajah of Balpoor.'"

"Whew!" exclaimed the local newspaper man, evidently somewhat impressed. "An item, by all that's propitious!—and an item that will create a sensation in Westford, too. I suppose I may mention your dramatic engagement in the next issue of the *Barnbuilder*?"

"I don't care," replied Lucius, with the affected indifference of sudden greatness. "It may stop their looking for me in the woods, anyway."

So the next issue of the *Barnbuilder* appeared with a flaming article headed, "Westford Honored!—One of her Brightest Boys Achieves a Brilliant Dramatic Success.—Playing with the Famous 'Rajah of Balpoor' Company, in the Magnificent Planet Theatre, etc., etc." There was a column of it—and such a column as only a country editor, hard pressed for local news, is able to devise.

The result was what might have been expected. The Hayslitt family, puffed up with sudden and unexpected pride in their "Loosh," determined to go down to the city in a body, and see him "perform" in the grand, spectacular drama, "The Rajah of Balpoor." Accordingly, on a certain night, about two weeks subsequent to Lucius's first interview with the manager of the Planet Theatre, one of the front rows of that auditorium was



Those who have learned to know the difference between a wheel that actually is high grade, and one that is simply claimed to be, others may be good, but the Waverley is the **Highest of all High Grades.** A new Waverley Scoreboard is offered to each person who recovers a stolen '96 Waverley during 1896, payable upon presentation to us of satisfactory proof of the facts and the sentence of the thief. This reward is open to every one excepting the owner of the stolen wheel, but is not payable to more than one person in any case. ART CATALOGUE FREE BY MAIL. INDIANA BICYCLE CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

largely monopolized by a long, expectant string of Hayslitts, terminating in little tow-headed four-year-old Tommy, who kicked his fat legs and laughed joyously throughout the prelude by the bald-headed orchestra.

At last the curtain rose, and the first magnificent scene of the "Rajah" blazed forth upon the stage. The Hayslitts, dazzled as they were, did not forget to scan every male actor who appeared upon the boards, in the anxious hope of recognizing their Lucius. Scene followed scene, but still he came not. "They are keeping him for the star," whispered Mrs. Hayslitt to her husband. "You know, the star never comes on until the play is pretty well started." But presently the star came, and coruscated brilliantly; but it was not Lucius.

Suddenly the Hayslitts forgot, for a moment, that they were looking for the flower of their family. Their eyes grew large and round as saucers; for what should come shambling and swaying upon the stage but a great mouse-colored, veritable elephant! At least, most of the audience thought it veritable, for it was very well made-up indeed. But gradually the motherly instinct of Mrs. Hayslitt began to assert itself, and she whispered to her husband: "Nathan! as I live, there is something about that elephant that reminds me of Lucius!"

Mr. Hayslitt went into paroxysms of smothered laughter. The idea was too delicious, that out of a whole stageful of tricked-up characters the mother of Lucius should have pitched upon the elephant as most closely resembling her missing offspring! And when the joke was whispered from child to child, a titter like the rustling wind in the wheat ran down the line of Hayslitts.

Only the mother did not laugh, but looked seriously and more and more intently upon the elephant, as it slowly advanced across the stage. At length she again bent over to her husband, and whispered: "Nathan! watch the hind legs of that elephant, and tell me if you do not think they walk like Lucius." This was too much for the head of the family, and he burst into an explosion of laughter, that drew down a hundred eyes upon the Hayslitts, and caused a fierce-looking usher to make a threatening sally into the aisle.

But Mrs. Hayslitt, heedless of what was transpiring about her, was once more gazing fixedly upon the hind legs of the elephant. There was a troubled yet eager and almost confident look upon her face. "I know that is Lucius's walk!" she muttered to herself. "There isn't another living creature that handles his feet just like my boy. I've watched him walk since he was a baby, and I know every quirk of his gait. They can't fool me into thinking that an elephant naturally walks like my boy! Either he is inside that creature's legs, or else he has actually been turned into an elephant himself."

At that instant a terrible cry of "Fire!" rang through the crowded theatre; and suddenly some of the drapery at the back of the stage blazed up in a sheet of flame. Quicker than it takes to tell it, the huge and imposing elephant collapsed into a heap of metal framework and painted cloth, and the two personators and motors, the Front Legs and the Hind Legs, sprang out of their enveloping disguise and stood amazed before the startled and demoralized audience. Then, high above the tumult of the struggling people rose the shrill voice of Mrs. Hayslitt:

"Lucius! Lucius! I knew you were there. Save yourself, my boy—jump! jump!"

The next instant the lank form of Lucius Hayslitt was flying out over the heads of the orchestra. He alighted upon a squirming mass of humanity, in front of the Hayslitts; and with a masterly movement his mother reached forth, seized him by the collar, and drew him to her bosom.

And behold, the fire had gone out! For some one behind the scenes had thrown a chemical fire-extinguisher into the midst of the flames and quenched them as if by magic.

But the paragon of Westford did not

renew his engagement at the Planet Theatre. He went home with his mother, and his father, and his brothers and sisters. And because he has become a sensible, quiet, practical, home-loving, modest, helpful boy there are few who ever allude, in his presence, to his debut as the hind legs of the elephant.

## BEN WINTHROP'S SLEIGHING PARTY.

EARLY in the afternoon the snow began to fall. It was not a snowstorm in any sense, for scarce a breath of wind was stirring, and the great damp flakes, impelled by their own weight, wafted themselves reluctantly downward. In half an hour the air was dense with the slow-falling whiteness, and the treacherous ice-coating of the country roads was well hidden from sight. Every fence and roadmark was transformed. The bare orchard trees put on a graceful foliage and fruitage, and every roof of house and barn stood out in clean-cut, peaked whiteness. The ghostlike telegraph poles along the road supported deeply curved cables of spotless purity.

By dusk the downfall was over, and the December moon, in haste less this wondrous scene might vanish ere she had illumined it, rose in the darkening sky, and under her mystic witchery the countryside was more lovely than ever.

So thought even the matter-of-fact Ben Winthrop, as he came tramping up from the village post-office, and then—for second thoughts, though not always best, are sometimes very much to the point—he gave a merry whistle and ejaculated: "The very night for the sleighdrive! The roads will be prime, and mother'll let me have the gray mare and the double-seated pung, and like as not she'd get up a turkey supper for the asking."

The pleasing scent of hot buckwheat cakes met him at the door as he hurried into the comfortable kitchen, where Mrs. Winthrop and his little sister Abby were awaiting his return. Ben was a fine lad, the very stay and comfort of his widowed mother, who was indeed inclined to be over-indulgent to him. The neighbors even went so far as to say that had it not been for the sturdy, practical common sense which he inherited from his father, his mother would have ruined him with her well-meant kindnesses. Mrs. Winthrop herself was a plump, talkative, happy-faced woman. Her eyes rested fondly on her son as she nodded an easy acquiescence to all his requests, while Abby burst into a trill of merry song because she, too, was to share in the treat.

At seven o'clock all was ready for the start. Mrs. Winthrop left her chopping tray, in which she was compounding an herb-flavored dressing for a fat turkey, and, waving a cheery good-by to her children, Ben sat on the driver's seat, very erect and important, and Abby's crimson hood showed above the buffalo robes in the rear of the old-fashioned sleigh. Prudence, the old gray mare, started off at a smart pace along the glistening roads.

It was an easy matter to pick up the party. Miss Veinot, the coquettish little school teacher of the district, scrambled into her wraps at the mere suggestion of a drive, and, to Ben's delight, ensconced herself cozily at his side. Nor was there any need for delay at Squire Pelton's, for Abby's playmates, Ann and Sarah, the giggling, good-natured twins, were ready in a trice, and a few minutes later the party was joined by Reuben Rogers, the bashful, elder pupil of the school, who was preparing for a college course, and Ludlow Pritchard, a rather lumpy young farmer who was possessed not only of a strong liking for the little schoolma'am, but also of a most unfortunate habit of stuttering. There was a touch of jealousy in the faces of both young men as they observed that their seats were with the children behind, while Ben monopolized their special charmer.

It was an ideal night for a sleighdrive—so silvery and white, so mild, and yet with a dash of winter keenness in the air. The sleigh runners cut easily through the



soft-lying snow and glided on the glare of the ice underneath. Somehow the prospect of the turkey supper got out—perhaps Ben had whispered it in Miss Veinot's pretty ear—and certain it is that the songs and merry laughter of the party resounded gayly on the still night air.

On they sped until they had reached the foot of McClure's hill, where the road made a sharp turn about a shallow lake below. The hill was a steep one, and, as the load was heavy, the little school-ma'am insisted that the young men should climb up the ascent while Prudence zigzagged up with the ladies of the party. With a laughing remonstrance they did as they were bidden by the little lady, who grasped the reins in both hands, and balanced herself in the exact centre of the driver's seat, as if fearing that her sparrow weight might otherwise overturn the sleigh. She turned to give a teasing word to Ludlow, as well as to throw a bewitching glance at Reuben, for the little thing was, I regret to say, an arrant coquette.

At this evidence of her favor, Ben's two guests, with a surprising disregard to the comfort or pleasure of their host, each began to scheme as to how he might claim the driver's seat for the remainder of the evening, while Ben, all unconscious of their dark designs, trudged placidly along, now and then shouting a word of direction to the amateur driver.

It was a good five minutes before Prudence, with a care worthy of her name, reached the top of the hill, and expressed her pleasure in the safe ascent by a satisfied whinny. Miss Veinot again glanced coyly over her shoulder at the young men, entering fully into the fun of the competition which she foresaw, but the grandeur of the scene below suddenly put all such trivial matters out of her mind. The steep stretch of hill behind gleamed diamond-like under the frost-caught moonbeams. At its foot a delicate crystal fringe of young alders scintillated in the soft breeze. Below lay the lake in an unbroken, glassy plain—the music of the gurgling waters flowing underneath the covering of ice and snow could be faintly heard.

"Look—Oh, look!" she cried, excitedly, to the young men as they, too, gained the brow of the hill. "Did you ever see anything so beautiful?"

Poor Miss Veinot! "Ah!" thought Reuben, "this is my chance. Ben and Ludlow will be off their guard for a moment, but I shall make for that empty seat."

"She likely means that as a hint to me," thought the lumpish Ludlow; "and if I once get firmly seated at her side I'm not going to be easily moved."

Then Ben, who suddenly awoke to the conspiracy, made a frantic effort to recover his lost ground.

Poor little school-ma'am indeed! Never before had she been so ill-treated. As Reuben sprang in on the left, and Ludlow on the right, she was forced to act as buffer between them; and while she was still bruised, battered and breathless from the shock, Ben violently hurled himself face downward in the straw at her feet.

Such a commotion as there was! Ludlow stuttered apologies by the score, as he grasped the reins determinedly. Reuben, though terribly abashed, also refused to budge, and Ben, who was floundering helplessly below, muttered many incoherent words. And the children behind—how they giggled and shouted at the fun.

But the adventure of the evening was yet to come. They were scarcely above the crest of the hill, and old Prudence could obtain no secure foothold. The sleigh, which was thoroughly jarred and shaken, began to slip quietly down, and the mare was forced to buck helplessly. A moment more of unnoticed slipping while the mischief was at its height, and before one of the party had realized the

danger, old Prudence, sleigh and all, were being swiftly drawn backward down the slippery hill. The strife was suddenly hushed. Ludlow tugged helplessly at the useless reins, and the children set up a frightened shriek.

"You had better j-j-jump, Reub," articulated Ludlow, with difficulty.

"Save yourself, Pritchard," retorted Reuben, in a nervous tremolo.

But even had they been so inclined neither of the young men could have cleared themselves, for Ben was lying heavily above their feet. Miss Veinot grew very white about the lips. Never did a driving party have so strange a ride. Old Prudence fairly galloped in her backward career as the sleigh gained in velocity. Ben, all unconscious of what was going on, lay on the straw, chagrined and vindictive. As he attempted to rise he found himself inextricably tangled among the buffalo robes. The sleigh was certainly in motion, and the pitch of the floor seemed to indicate that old Prudence was again climbing a hill. Ben was indeed thoroughly bewildered. He called for a hand to help him regain his footing, and as none came he grasped Ludlow's great cowhide boot and shook it vigorously.

The heavily weighted sleigh had nearly reached the foot of the hill. Here lay the great danger. Would it possibly follow the curve of the road or would the sleigh continue in its straight course right through the alders that bordered the lake? The three children knotted themselves together in a close and terrified embrace. Miss Veinot instinctively crouched against the dashboard, and the young men braced themselves for the shock as best they might. Ben nearly had the breath crushed out of him as they vainly tried to free themselves from his log-like body.

The sleigh spun across the road, paused for a moment above the bushes on the steep lake-bank, and then with a shake and a snapping of the severely strained traces, old Prudence was freed and the sleigh was turned nearly over.

Out spilled the frightened children, screaming but keeping fast hold of each other. Out shot Reuben, rolling like a great ball down the bank. Over went Ludlow—over but not out, for Ben in his amazement and indignation had kept a firm grip on the young farmer's shoe, the result of which was that three-quarters of the unfortunate youth was sprawling in midair, while his foot was held as in a vise. The little school-ma'am and Ben alone clung to the rocking sleigh—Ben because he could do nothing else, and Miss Veinot because of her sheltered position. Nor was the sleigh yet through its mad career. Swinging, lunging, caving in its course, it capsize as it reached the lake below, Ludlow striking the ice so violently that he rebounded stunned from the shock. Then crack, crack! The ice beneath them broke, and the three unwilling passengers were plunged into the shallow waters of the lake.

It was a wild, anxious moment for all. Reuben, who had reached the lake without injury, waded at once to their assistance, pulled out Miss Veinot and Ben from their dangerous situation, and tried to revive Ludlow by throwing a few handfuls of cold water on his set white face. Ben rubbed his eyes in astonishment, and Miss Veinot sobbed in hysterical excitement. The children, far more frightened than hurt, picked themselves up out of the alder clump in which they had lodged. Ludlow slowly opened his eyes, took a curious survey of the group, and stuttered weakly: "I say, fel-fellows, whose kille?"

Prudence showed her disapproval of the whole affair by quietly trotting home at her best gait, and the young people, with a rueful glance at the overturned but not otherwise injured sleigh, soon found it best to follow her example.

It was still a beautiful night, but the scene had lost all its charms. The gentle night wind seemed to blow colder, and it became very evident that the fairy frostwork at their feet concealed most treacherous walking. It was a good five miles to the farmhouse—a long trudge indeed for the little party of merry-makers.

The children were fortunately dry as to boots and skirts, but all were thoroughly exhausted and otherwise uncomfortable. Ludlow was very thankful to avail himself of the help which Reuben's arm afforded him, for his head ached and the ankle which Ben had grasped so vigorously began to throb painfully. Ben was weighted with Abby, whom he carried on his shoulder, for he soon found that the little thing lagged behind in the slippery road, and Miss Veinot brought up the rear with a twin on either side.

It was a joyous moment when the little party came in sight of the hospitable farmhouse, and they hailed with delight the gleam of the firelight on the window-pane. Poor Mrs. Winthrop was in a terrible state of fright and excitement, for

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old Prudence had been the first arrival, and, attracted by the light, had appeared ghostlike at the uncurtained window. The poor woman was in an agony of perplexity. She had just lunged open the outer door, and was gazing anxiously down the road, when the stragglers turned up the garden path.

Such a turmoil as there was! Mrs. Winthrop hugged Ben a dozen times in her delight at finding him safe and sound. She lifted the sleepy Abby from his shoulder, and in her excitement bestowed a hearty kiss on the blushing Reuben.

Such an incoherent story as they had to tell to the bewildered hostess, who, however, after a vain effort to understand the situation, declined to hear anything further until all the wet and frozen garments were doffed, and the cups of hot coffee which she hastily poured were emptied. Then when the little school-ma'am was arrayed in one of Mrs. Winthrop's own capacious and gayly flowered wrappers and Ludlow's stiff boot had been replaced by a flexible moccasin, she dished the plump turkey all wreathed in odorous sausages, and heaped their plates with airy mountains of puffed potatoes and with generous helps from the great platter over which she presided.

How the tongues loosened over that most acceptable supper! The sleepy, tired children suddenly became wide-awake and talkative. Ben gave the outlines of the story so far as he knew it. Ludlow looked sheepishly at the teacher and endeavored to palliate his offense by explaining "every fel-fellow is a f-f-fool sometimes," and Reuben hesitatingly admitted that had he not been so anxious to share the driver's seat all might yet have been well. Miss Veinot hung her head in contrition over the result of her coquetry, but when Mrs. Winthrop took in the situation, and, putting her fat arms akimbo, burst into a ringing laugh over the whole adventure, there was no choice but to join her.

Somewhat, whether it was through Ben's talkative mother or not will never be known, the story got abroad, and for years after the mere mention of Ben Winthrop's sleighing party was sufficient to call up smiles to the faces of all the inhabitants of that little village.

ELLA J. FRASER.

## "PUNCH" CAN BE FUNNY IN GERMAN.

(From London Punch, January 18.)

We publish with all reserve the following letter, which has, we understand, been dispatched from Osborne Castle to Berlin. From internal evidence we should judge that it was not written but suggested by the exalted lady by whom it purports to be signed. There is a nautical breeziness about it that inclines us to attribute the actual authorship to the Duke of York.—Ed. Punch.

MEIN LIEBER WILLIE—Dies ist aber über alle Berge. Was bedeutet eigentlich deine Depesche an den alten Krüger der für Dich doesn't care twopenny. Solch eine confounded Impertinenz habe ich nie gesehen. The fact of the matter is that Du ein furchtbarer Schwaggerer bist. Warum kannst Du nie ruhig bleiben, why can't you hold your blessed row? Musst Du deinen Finger in jeder Torte haben? Was ist für this that I made you an Admiral meiner Flotte and allowed you to rig yourself out in einer wunderschönen Uniform mit einem gekockten Hut? If you meant mir any of your blooming cheek zu geben why did you make your Grandmamma Colonel eines Deutschen Cavallerie Regiments? Du auch bist Colonel of a British Cavallerie Regiment, desto mehr die Schade,

the more's the pity. Als Du ein ganz kleiner Bube warst habe ich Dich oft tüchtig gespankt, and now that you're grown up you ought to be spanked, too. Wenn Du Deine Panzerschiffe nach Delagoa Bay schickst werde ich sie aus dem Wasser blasen, I'll blow your ironclads out of the water ehe Du dich umkehren kannst, before you can turn round. And look here, if you'll come over to this country werde ich Dich annehmen, I'll take you on, und ich wette drei gegen eins dass ich Dich in drei Runden ausklopfen werde, Queensberry rules, three minutes to a round. Also ich schnappe meine Finger in your face. Du weist nicht wo Du bist, you dunno where you are, and somebody must teach you. Is Bismarck quite well? Das ist ein kolossaler Kerl, nicht wahr? So lange! Don't be foolish any more. Deine Dich liebende GRANDMAMMA.

A WEST END druggist is bemoaning the loss of a customer. A lady was recently in the store and had a prescription filled. "How much is it?"

"Fifty cents."

"Dear me, forty-five is all I have with me. Cannot you let me have it for that?"

"Really, I could not," said he of the pills, "but you can pay the next time you are in."

"Oh, but suppose I should die?" laughingly inquired the lady.

"It would be a small loss," replied the druggist, but he saw from the injured look the customer wore as she swept out of the door that he had made a mistake somewhere, but it did not dawn upon him until too late.

## WHERE TO FIND GAME.

Where to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

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